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Book Reviews

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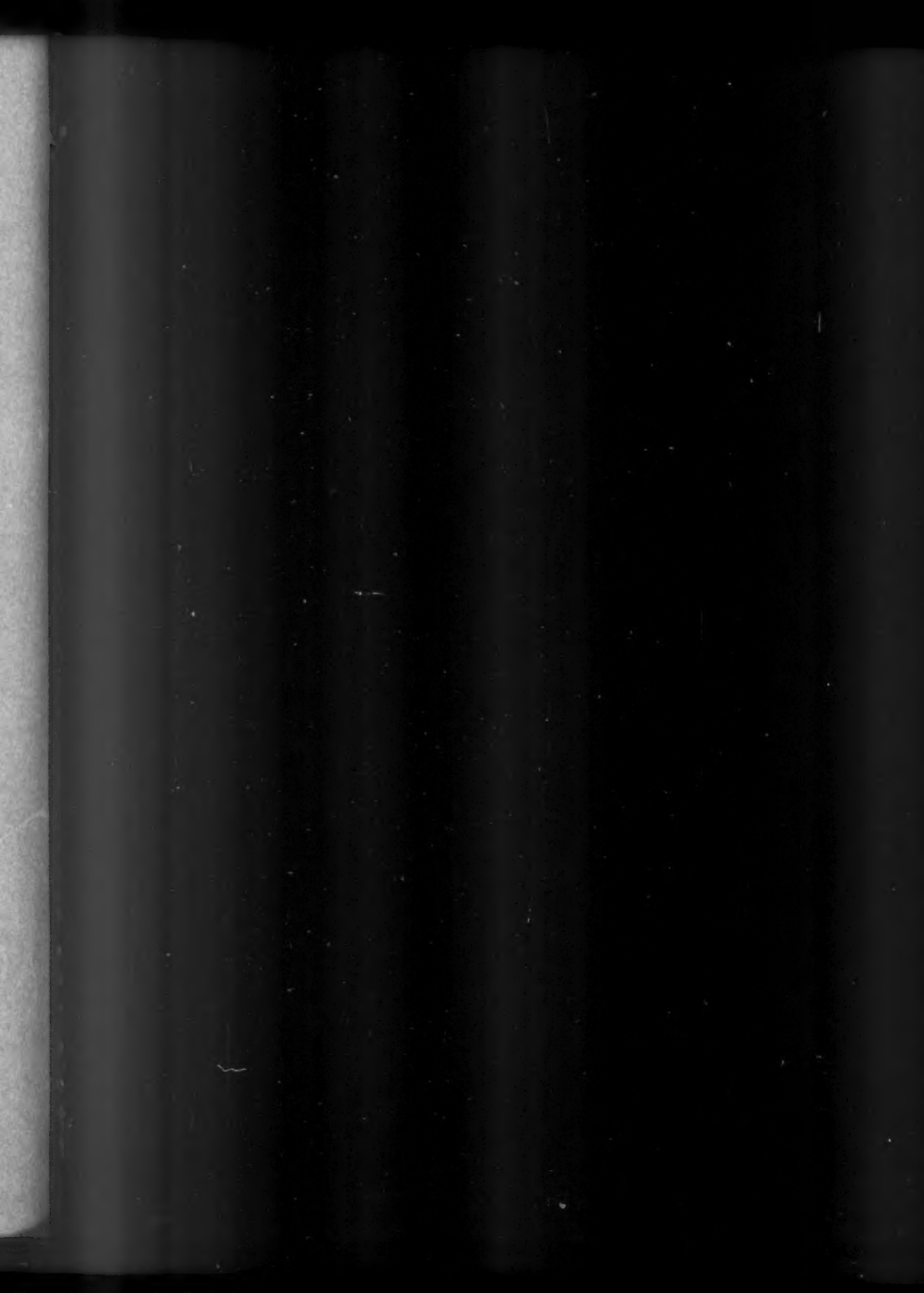
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The South Atlantic Quarterly

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APRIL, 1938

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EARLY LITERATURE OF TOBACCO*

GEORGE ARENTS, JR.

I HAVE BEEN collecting books relating to the history of tobacco for nearly half a century. It is my hobby, and those among you who are hobbyists, know what pleasure we derive from telling about them.

When the literature of tobacco began to develop, early in the seventeenth century, it revolved largely upon a controversy—a controversy between those who thought that it was quite all right to smoke for pleasure and those who thought it was very wrong indeed. The latter based their opinions on some quaint reasons derived, for the most part, from the incorrect assumption that tobacco was only a medicinal plant. Their arguments are neatly summarized by Edmund Gardiner in his *Trial of Tobacco* (1610), who gives the following epitaph of a smoker:

Here lieth he, had lived longer, if
He had not choakt himself with a
Tobacco whiff.

On the affirmative side, Holyday in his play, *Technogamia* (1618), proclaimed:

Earth ne're did breed
Such a Jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

During the period when the dispute over smoking raged most hotly, there were of course prose writers, dramatists, and poets who took a convenient middle ground, and there were many who produced merely informational works about tobacco.

* Address delivered at a dinner of the Southern Historical Association at Duke University, November 18, 1937.

In order to understand how this literary argument came into existence, it is necessary for me to review very briefly a part of the early history of tobacco and its various original uses. The plant with which we are now so familiar is purely American and, as we know, was employed by the Indians of the Western Hemisphere from time immemorial for ritual and social purposes. Europeans had seen it smoked in pipes, as cigars and cigarettes, snuffed and chewed by Indians shortly after the discovery of America. Mention of these customs can be found in books in my library published between 1507 and 1545. So the Indians not only gave us tobacco, but showed us all the ways in which it is now used. There is no firsthand evidence that the Indians of North America, prior to the appearance of the white man, made use of tobacco medicinally except possibly in the treatment of asthma. They used it chiefly at ceremonies and for pleasure, though sometimes to relieve fatigue, thirst, or hunger. In South America, tobacco smoke inspired Brazilian warriors to deeds of heroism, and it was used by medicine men as a disinfectant and, I believe, as a smoke screen to conceal their movements when working over a patient. It is rather important to emphasize the point that nowhere in the Americas was smoking-tobacco used as a therapeutic agent during the period of the discovery and exploration, because this little matter was later to be overlooked by European physicians.

The first book to refer to tobacco, though not by that name, was Waldseemüller's *Cosmographiae* (1507), which contains an account of the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci; but the earliest which specifically mentions the tobacco plant was written by a Spanish official chronicler, Oviedo, and published in 1535. This contains a description of the *tabacos* of the West Indians, a description so confused that we cannot tell whether he was writing about tobacco smoking or a snuffing-tube. In his book, Oviedo also writes of a marvellous plant, still unidentified, which was used in the treatment of wounds, etc. He called this plant "perebecenuc," and it was later mistakenly thought by European botanists to be the same as tobacco. Perhaps this account of the plant accidentally brought tobacco into the European *materia medica*. The next few books which refer to tobacco—such as Cartier's (1545), which gives an account of pipe-smoking in Canada; Thevet's (1558), which has a passage on Brazilian and Canadian smokers; and

Benzoni's (1565), which contains some details of the social use of tobacco in the West Indies and Central America—make no reference to the employment of tobacco medicinally by the Indians.

But in 1571 there appeared at Seville a little work by a Spanish doctor, Monardes, which was to create a great stir in Europe and have the widest possible influence upon physicians. He reported that the Indians had long used this plant for curing diseases, and that all herbalists of the Iberian Peninsula were growing the herb in their gardens, and he gave a list of thirty-six maladies which he had cured with the aid of tobacco. In the meantime, the French ambassador to Portugal, Jean Nicot (from whose name we get nicotine), in whose garden the plant had been originally sown as an ornament, had sent a specimen of it to Catherine de Medici, about 1558, with an account of its miraculous healing powers. In a book which preceded Monardes by a year, edited by Jean Liébault, was a notice of this plant, of Nicot, and of the remedial uses to which tobacco had been put, but since this account was only a small part of a large work, it created no especial interest. But other writers, notably Gohory in 1572, propagated the nicotian gospel of Monardes in French, while Frampton, in 1577, turned the Spanish treatise into English. The medical fraternity of the British Isles was thus introduced to the new wonder-working herb from America. Thereafter every physician became interested in finding new remedial uses for tobacco. It was recommended for such diverse ailments as toothache, falling fingernails, worms, halitosis, and even such fatal diseases as lockjaw and cancer. No patent medicine of our own time had greater claims made for it than were then made for tobacco. Some time ago I published an account of this universal remedy listing more than a hundred maladies treated by tobacco.

It is interesting to notice, therefore, that tobacco received its first widespread advertising as a medical cure-all, not as something for the pleasure of mankind. But while its therapeutic uses were being propagated, sailors, soldiers, and explorers who had been to America came back smoking their pipes or cigars. They spread the friendly philosophy of tobacco in the ports where they landed, in their own villages, and, more important, along the trade routes. They paid no attention to the doctrines of the herbalists and physicians that tobacco was a

medicinal plant—they *knew* the personal joy of smoking. It was chiefly this element who spread the use of the pipe and cigar, from the tip of the Iberian Peninsula to far-off Japan, so rapidly after 1580.

While tobacco was thus becoming known to the Old World in two forms, as a medical panacea and as a social habit, accounts of its discovery, introduction into Europe, cultivation, and uses appeared in such famous works as Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1586); Everard's *Panacea* (1587), a little encyclopedia of all the medical information on tobacco then known; and in Hariot's *Virginia* (1588), which gives the first account of the plant and its uses in England's colony. There were various works, now very rare, such as Acosta's (1590), Rosaccio's (1594), and others which deal with the forms in which tobacco was employed ritually in Mexico and medicinally in Europe. The earliest literary works in English—such as Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1590), in which the first poetic reference to tobacco appears; Harvey's tract attacking Nash (1593); and other books of the period—present the phrase "divine tobacco." This attribute "divine" indicates that the literary men, too, had accepted the dictum that the plant was God's special gift to the medical fraternity. On the Continent, tobacco was usually referred to as the "holy herb" in its equivalents. The first book in the English language devoted to the subject of tobacco was anonymously published by Anthony Chute in 1595. It has the simple title *Tabaco*, and contains an illustration of an Englishman smoking a clay pipe. In this little work for laymen the author earnestly urged smokers not to abuse the kindly weed, upheld its medicinal uses, and suggested that physicians had attempted to keep smoking a secret among themselves. The reason for this, he said, was that a moderate use of the pipe was of such value in preserving health that it was likely to make physicians unnecessary! Among the important works of the period which advanced the gospel of Monardes was Gerard's *Herbal* (1597), still fragrant after three centuries, in which various nicotian recipes are given for the benefit of country folk.

By this time the fashionable gentry of Western Europe had become devotees of the pipe or the cigar. England had become notorious as a nation of smokers. In London, Raleigh, who makes his only mention of tobacco in print in his *Discoverie of Guiana* (1596),

had set the court on fire. He became England's most distinguished smoker and the first advertising agent of the joys of smoking—even if he did not, as many think, introduce the habit into England. It is said that he taught Elizabeth and her ladies to smoke; and Howell, in his *Familiar Letters* (1650), refers to an amusing wager between Elizabeth and her favorite courtier. Raleigh assured the Queen that he knew tobacco so well that he could even weigh the smoke. Being challenged by the Queen to prove it, he carefully weighed enough tobacco to fill a pipe-bowl, smoked it, and then weighed the ashes. "Your Majesty cannot deny," he said, "that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." The Queen laughingly ordered the wager to be paid, commenting that "many an alchemist have I heard of who turned gold into smoke, but you are the first to have turned smoke into gold."

About this time Elizabeth and Essex had their famous quarrel which sent the young earl into exile. While parted from his queen, Essex composed a poem "The poor labouring Bee." He refers to himself as the bee, deprived of the pleasures of the hive. "If," he cries, "I cannot have honey; bewitching tobacco, I will turn to thee!" This poem, composed around 1598, was long circulated in manuscript. It contains the earliest literary expression relating to tobacco in its modern social sense—not for its assumed medicinal value, but as a comforter, a relaxer, an anodyne for the unhappy soul.

For sheer dramatic and comedy value, I think, the most diverting scenes in the history of tobacco were played in and around London, at the end of the sixteenth century. The most readable part of the English literature on tobacco developed during this period. It would be difficult to present a clear picture of what was going on there without some comment on the special background of the new fashion of smoking. First we must remember that the tobacco trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Spanish, and since England and Spain were often at war, the prices of the smoking commodity sometimes went skyrocketing. The costs of unadulterated Spanish tobacco in England were fantastic by modern standards of value. The records of some of these have fortunately been preserved. We find that the average price between 1597 and 1604 was around thirty shillings per pound. In 1599 the finest tobacco brought four and a half pounds.

As the ratio of money value between Elizabethan times and our own is approximately six to one, this made the cost of the best tobacco of 1599 more than \$120 a pound! The "divine herb" being so expensive, it was smoked in pipes with very small bowls. This form of smoking was most common, but sometimes a crude kind of cigar was seen among the more sophisticated smokers. Adulterating tobacco with various kinds of leaves was openly practised by most dealers. Now at the end of the sixteenth century, London was infested with strutting, affected dandies, and these gallants adopted smoking as something especially devised for them. Their extravagances in this art, the elaborate smoking equipment they carried about with them, and their insolent claim that only they knew the correct method of smoking made them the butt of most of the literary profession. One of the earliest attacks upon these playboys occurs in a delightful little book by Buttes, published in 1599, entitled *Dyets Dry Dinner*. In this work tobacco is offered as a digestive aid, in the last course, and it contains a poem in which the wanton "tobacconist" is severely re-proved for his immoderate "drinking" of tobacco. A smoker was then called a "tobacconist," and smoking was always referred to as "drinking," that is, inhaling, tobacco.

Despite Buttes's disapproval and that of other writers, the gallant was undisturbed. He continued to display his several tricks in smoking, each of which had a name, such as the "whiffe," the "gulpe," the "retention," the "ring." And from whom do you suppose he learned these tricks? From professors of the art of whiffing! In Elizabethan and Jacobean London there were tricksters who would teach a young blood (provided he could pay for it) the socially correct way to smoke a pipe or cigar. In one of his very best comedies, *Every Man out of his Humor* (1600), Ben Jonson provides a placard publicly displayed by one of these professors. This instructor announced that for a reasonable fee he would prepare any newcomer to become as expert as the best of the gallants were in the "most gentlemanlike use of tobacco." This jackanapes was a particular kind of specialist, for he guaranteed to teach one to inhale a pipeful of tobacco in London and to exhale the same smoke in three distinct whiffs in three different places, miles apart. Jonson presents in this play a young gull, Sogliardo, newly come to town, who goes earnestly

to work under the professor's tuition. Some friends look for him and find him in a rented room in a tavern, where he is receiving private instruction from Professor Whiffe. One of these friends reports that "I brought some dozen or twentie Gallants this morning to view them in at a key-hole; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt up, like a Sow under an Apple tree, while th' other open'd his nostrilles with a Poking-sticke, to give the smoke a more free deliverie."

While there had been occasional attacks upon smokers by those who valued tobacco only as a medicinal plant, it was this sportive element in England which inspired the anti-smoking campaign at the beginning of the seventeenth century. They gave unpleasant notoriety to the fact that a medicine was being used for pleasure and instilled in the opposition the kind of disapproval we have today towards opium smokers. In an anonymous book, *Worke for Chimney Sweepers* (1601), the author presents several arguments to prove that smoking is unmoral and depraved. Most of his opinions were based upon ethical prejudices or popular misconceptions of the nature of tobacco. The author said that this Indian weed made smokers melancholy, that they had been tempted to use it by the devil, that it poisoned the body and caused sterility. Within a year this book was replied to by a witty, intelligent physician, Roger Marbecke, in his *Defence of Tobacco*. He showed the absurdity of most of his opponent's arguments, and while he condemned the excesses of the gallants, he said that he could not because of them deny the joy of a social pipe to those good men, the moderate smokers. Thus the smoking controversy, which has lasted to our own time, began in England at the end of Elizabeth's reign. In 1604 there was published, anonymously, the most famous of all tracts against the social use of tobacco, *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*, by King James. The king reiterated his contempt for those who used a drug daily for pleasure, scorned the acceptance of a habit adopted from unbaptized barbarians, bewailed the cost of what he called this "precious stink," and repeated some of the tales of horror then used to frighten smokers. Among other things, he reminded his readers that some great tobacco-takers were found, upon dissection, to have their lungs and brains covered by fine, black soot, obviously resulting from smoking.

I should like to make a brief digression here to point out that since James' subjects did not accept his advice, he promptly raised the tobacco duty by four thousand per cent. But within two years he found it profitable to reduce the duty somewhat and lease the monopoly of that tax. He thereby received a large income from the sale of the very thing he professed most to despise. As a result of the high duty placed upon tobacco, a duty which was continually advanced during James' and Charles I's reign, a state arose similar to our own, during prohibition days. The common phrases and conditions of that era are also applicable to the tobacco trade in London then: the commodity was free of duty, sold by smugglers as "right off the ship," the dandies knew where the best stuff was to be secretly had, domestic tobacco was doctored to give it the appearance of "Spanish," and because of the wide advertising of smoking, many men and women, who had never done so before, took up the custom.

From the numerous adherents of James' anti-smoking philosophy, I should like to select one and to quote a phrase or two from his work. I choose him because he was one of the writers who developed considerable moral fervor in the campaign against smokers, and because he represents the hysterical state into which the reformers of social habits often get. This author, Deacon, in his "Tobacco Tortured," imagines a husband and father who has become degenerate because he smokes tobacco. In one passage he presents a precocious infant who makes a "Father, oh father, come home to us now" speech, and in another we are treated to the spectacle of a smoker's wife. "Imagine," cries the author, "thou beheldest here a fume suckers wife most fearfully fuming forth very fountains of blood, howling for anguish of heart, weeping, wailing, and wringing her hands together, with grisly looks, with wide staring eies, with minde amazed, with thoughts perplexed, with body shivering and quaking in every joint . . . while she pitifully pleads with her husband thus: 'Oh husband, my husband, mine onely husband! Consider I beseech thee, thy deare, thy loving, and thy kind hearted wife. . . . Why dost thou so vainely preferre a vanishing filthie fume before my permanent virtues. . . . Have not I here brought forth an armie of children unto thee?'"

A year after Deacon's work there appeared another famous piece,

Brathwaite's *Smoking Age* (1617), which amusingly satirized the extravagant smokers. This contains the first illustration to show an English tobacco shop, with its screened back room where those indecent people, the smokers, rented pipes at three pence the pipeful. This cut also shows the prototype of our familiar wooden Indian. While all this verbal and literary disapproval of smoking was going on, a group of poets and dramatists was defending the custom and singing tobacco's praise. Some of these tributes were charming indeed and are of high literary merit. This is only to be expected, for these writers were able to draw upon their pipes for inspiration! It is interesting to note, however, that even the most ardent champions of the smokers never failed to say something unpleasant about the nicotian playboys. The first book of verse in English entirely devoted to tobacco was *The Metamorphosis of Tobacco* (1602), written by Sir John Beaumont, in which the "celestial fume" is praised, and its heavenly origin expounded. It is in this epic that the young poet first suggests that tobacco was responsible for the beginnings of that great and inspired literature which developed in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Among the numerous authors who celebrated the pleasures of a social pipe, such as Chapman Day, Tomkis, Holyday, and Thorius, one Samuel Rowlands deserves the title of Poet Laureate of Tobacco, because of his numerous contributions on the theme. In his *The Knave of Clubbes* (1609) are some oft-quoted lines, worth repeating here:

Much victuals serve, for gluttony,
To fatten men like swine,
But hee's a frugall man indeed,
That with a leafe can dine.
An needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchin in a box,
And rost-meat in a pipe.

It is one of the curiosities of the early literature of tobacco that nowhere does Shakespeare mention the plant or smoking. But Bacon, in several works, evinces a scientific interest in tobacco cultivation and the use of a medicinal pipe. It seems to me that this provides further evidence of the separate identities of these two great English literary figures.

Interspersed with the controversial literature of tobacco were many informational tracts by explorers, botanists, and medical men, reports of debates in various universities on whether smoking was healthful or not, and such complete treatises as Neander's *Tabacologia*, published in 1622. During this period Sandys issued an account of his travels in the East, in which it is first reported that smokers in Turkey were tortured for daring to use the "heathen's weed"; and numerous later works relate the cruelties inflicted upon smokers and tobacco-vendors by Oriental and Russian rulers.

One small tract published in 1615 contains very little on tobacco, but its inferential content is of the greatest importance. This is Hamor's *A True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia*, an elusive rarity. In one of the passages on tobacco therein is a reference to "West-Indie Trinidado" or "Caracas" tobacco, and John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, is praised for being the first to cultivate tobacco-seeds imported from the West Indies and Venezuela. This fact is confirmed by an obscure passage in Strachey's account of Virginia. Strachey was the colony's first recorder and secretary, and his manuscript was long unpublished. He notices, in a brief phrase, that tobacco-seed had been brought from Trinidad about 1612. Now it is not generally known that the famous Virginia tobacco—in fact, all the commercial tobacco grown today in the United States—is not the same kind of tobacco which was native to the soil of North America. That tobacco is known to the botanists as *Nicotiana rustica*. It was a much smaller plant than the *Nicotiana Tobacum* growing in the West Indies and South America and which then gave the Spanish a monopoly of the tobacco trade. *Nicotiana rustica*, as Strachey observed, was "poor and weak, and of a biting flavor" when smoked. The efforts of the Virginian colonists to compete with the Spanish traffic, by exporting this bitter native tobacco to Europe, were doomed to failure from the start, and it was because of this that Rolfe, perhaps on Raleigh's suggestion, made the importation of seeds from Spanish plantations. When, in 1613, the Virginian colonists sent their first shipment of twenty-three hundred pounds of the newly-cultivated tobacco to London, this plant met immediate favor, and from that time on Virginia tobacco, usually called "sweet-scented," but sometimes "oronoko," was in wide demand in Europe. As a result of Rolfe's experiment, so

obscurely mentioned in Hamor's book, the trade developed from the tobacco of Virginia became the economic salvation of the colony.

I hope I have not talked at too great length upon a fascinating division of literary history. I have tried to confine my remarks to the background of this literature and to the outstanding books of the period up to 1625, the year that James I died. In conclusion, I bring you to a modern period—the beginning of the twentieth century—to tell you of an episode in the career of Edward VII. His mother, Queen Victoria, did not approve of the divine weed, and during her long reign none dared to smoke in her various residences. One may well imagine the hardships this entailed upon her son, as well as visiting ambassadors. Shortly after Edward VII ascended the throne, the first royal banquet was held at Buckingham Palace. The dinner being over, Edward joined the men in the drawing room for coffee. There was a strained silence—the guests watching their royal host. For a moment Edward surveyed the scene, looked teasingly at the polite, unhappy faces, and then made the shortest and one of the most famous speeches of liberation in the history of tobacco. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may smoke!"

And now, to paraphrase the words of an old English poet, "Though tobacco's been my theme, from the smoke I've stayed too long."

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION OF 1935

WILLIAM THOMAS MORGAN

THE FOLLOWING account is a study of British public opinion based on the examination of ten daily newspapers, including besides those of London, representative organs from Scotland, North Ireland, Wales, Lancashire, and Yorkshire.

For winning the World War a coalition ministry under Lloyd George was found necessary, but in 1922 a revolt among its leaders headed by Stanley Baldwin, forced out the Welsh wizard, and brought the Conservatives back into power. Within a year, they fell foul of the problem of unemployment, and gave way to the first Labor ministry under Ramsay MacDonald. This likewise lasted but a year, falling from power largely because of the Zinoviev letter. The second Baldwin ministry lasted out its appointed five years, after which the combined Liberals and Socialists placed MacDonald in office once more. After two years of office, the "dole" proved the Nemesis of his party. The instability of the pound caused British financiers, in August, 1931, to demand extensive economies in administering the dole. MacDonald, who "was planning a National government as early as March," hastily presented the resignation of his cabinet to the king, who promptly invited him to form a "National" ministry. Unable to maintain the gold standard, this cabinet called a general election in a state bordering upon a financial panic. It resulted in a tremendous majority for the "Nationals," the Conservatives alone winning four-fifths of the seats, although the popular vote was far less one-sided.

The new cabinet found the problem of unemployment a baffling one. By seeking in protective tariffs a solution, MacDonald at the close of September, 1932, forced Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir A. Sinclair, representing the left wing Liberals, to resign, leaving only its Whig wing in office, while only Thomas, Ramsay MacDonald, and his son represented an insignificant rump of the Socialist party, as Snowden also resigned. The "National" government suffered from its top-heavy majority, and seemed to lack any vigorous, clearly defined foreign or domestic policy.

The ministerial revolution of 1931 and its sequel left the Labor party much embittered. They felt, indeed, that MacDonald had sold the pass. It appears from what followed that the propertied classes had completely absorbed MacDonald and Thomas. The election of 1931 showed the Socialist leaders two imperative needs if their party was to enjoy office again in the near future: a more definite working agreement between the trade unions and other elements in the party, and a policy sufficiently constructive for the Socialists and likewise not too radical for the other progressive elements. They have been unable to find any very satisfactory *modus vivendi* between the trade unions and the other section of the party. They, however, did much solid work in the next four years in preparing a far-reaching programme of social and economic reform, and published several excellent pamphlets explaining it. Some are attractively written and were prepared only after careful thought.

In reconstructing the party three men stood pre-eminent. Arthur Henderson, the outstanding champion of disarmament and collective security at Geneva, was President of the Disarmament Conference. His death occurred just as the election canvass started. Ernest Bevin, foremost representative of the trade union element, was also the successful promoter of the Socialist organ, the *Daily Herald*, with a daily circulation approaching two millions. The third leader was Herbert Morrison, who had won golden laurels as an administrator in the metropolitan area. The influence of these three was very much in evidence in 1934, at the party's annual conference, whose work was far more constructive than any Labor conference for many years. Its attitude was increasingly moderate and constructive, with less emphasis upon "Socialism in our time," and more upon "Peace in our time," through collective security. Their programme as set forth in its pamphlet, *For Socialism and Peace*, was both coherent and impressive.

If the Socialists seemed on the up grade, the Liberals were in the doldrums, and split into three factions. Lloyd George had little more than a family group of four. The Simonites have been practically absorbed by the Conservatives, just as have the "National" Laborites. The Samuelites took on new life after his resignation, but they were poorly supplied with campaign funds.

The dominant party, the Conservative, seemed far from happy at the close of 1934. It was greatly embarrassed because MacDonald was premier. Unfortunately, his physical decline emphasized the fact that the "National" government was largely in the hands of elderly men with no enthusiasm for social reform. As early as June, 1934, the Tory *Morning Post* complained of "indecision and lack of coherence in the present conduct of British foreign policy." One journalist stated that the "National" party had neither the party, the man, nor the theme to inspire followers. Even the patient *Times* felt called upon to say that "Reconstruction is certainly not a mere academic question, for the government has suffered from an impression of lack of leadership and cohesion." The *Nineteenth Century* remarked that "the Ministry of All the Talents was a homogeneous unity compared to the present cabinet."

The government, moreover, lost two by-elections in the autumn. The municipal elections in November, furthermore, resulted in striking Socialist gains. The back-bench Conservatives felt that the Scottish premier was a distinct drag upon their party. In February, 1935, there was a by-election at Wavertree, apparently a safe Conservative seat. Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill, stood as an independent Conservative, and split the Conservative vote so successfully, that a Socialist won. The *Times* commented, "There exists in fact, a substantial feeling that the time is coming for some changes in an Administration, however active and successful it may have been in the past." H. M. MacVicar added: "Under leadership which inspired confidence and hope it is still possible that disaster at the next election may be avoided, but the time is running short." The *Spectator* likewise insisted upon MacDonald's retirement, for "never in memory has an administration been so leaderless."

Such a situation was made to order for the press barons, particularly for Viscount Rothermere, who always enjoyed damning the government (especially Mr. Baldwin) with faint praise. The *Observer* noted that the government "has less support in the popular press than any cabinet recorded. This is a sinister paradox, and an ill-omen for democracy." It later accused Rothermere of having done "more than all other influences put together to break up the original basis of the National government." Samuel frankly stated: "It would

be idle for me to conceal the truth that I have not, nor ever had, any profound admiration for the head of the government, either in peace or war, and it would be a reflection on the forty-five millions who live in this country to say that some of the rest could not be improved upon."

Three things probably prevented a reconstruction of the cabinet early in 1935: the announcement of Lloyd George's "New Deal," the approach of the king's jubilee, and the troubled state of British diplomacy. The Welsh statesman announced that in January he would outline an extensive programme of social reform, which would strive to substitute wages for workers in place of doles for the idle. He favored an extensive programme of public works to be financed by floating public loans at low rates of interest. His scheme aroused a great deal of interest in the country generally. Stephen Gwynn commented in the *Fortnightly* (March, 1936): "His appeal . . . stirred men as no party programme has been able to do since the appeal was made for a National government (1931), and now up and down the country people are asking themselves if a government would not be more truly national that included Mr. Lloyd George, even if Mr. MacDonald were no longer its prime minister." For a few weeks it was an open question whether he might not be called into the cabinet. The government's attitude, however, was more critical than that of the popular newspapers. Neville Chamberlain was extremely skeptical as to the practicality of the scheme, although some of the "ginger group" of his party helped bring out a thoughtful pamphlet, *Planning and Employment*, which demanded the reorganization of inefficient industries. Their plan had much in common with Lloyd George's, and for a season it was thought that the two movements might be merged.

With half of the cabinet murmuring "Welcome," and the other half "Avaunt," the cabinet had to consider whether he would do it greater mischief inside or outside the ministry. Austin Hopkinson was positive that it would not run the risk of disrupting the ministry by taking this "wooden horse within its walls." The *Observer* championed a small cabinet, which should include not only Lloyd George, but other such "first-class brains" as Sir Austen Chamberlain, Churchill, and even Morrison. As early as October, 1934, *The Political*

Quarterly suggested the inclusion of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, and the idea had been constantly in the minds of the press barons for a dozen years. At no time did Lloyd George, however, attach any conditions to the acceptance of his plans. He stated emphatically, both in public and private, that he made "no stipulation as to the inclusion or exclusion of any individuals in or from office, and he had certainly never given any hint that he was anxious to join the government himself."

Not until the New Deal had been the talk of the country for six weeks did MacDonald invite its sponsor to submit his proposals to the cabinet. Certain ministers pointed out that the government was already doing a great deal along the lines he suggested, and maintained that he was far too optimistic about the effect of his plans. They criticized particularly his proposals for settling large numbers of the unemployed upon the land, which even if successful would ruin British trade with the countries from which they bought their food-stuffs—a criticism coming with a very poor grace from the group that had only recently introduced trade barriers in the form of tariffs. Lloyd George replied that the badly undernourished laboring population of England would gladly increase their consumption of English food if they only could buy it. No reply was vouchsafed by his critics.

The cabinet sought eagerly for opportunities to dampen down Lloyd George's suggestions. It objected to public loans, although this proposal was vigorously supported by Viscount Snowden, recently chancellor of the exchequer. The *New Statesman and Nation* was probably right in saying that the "Government is simply 'exploring every avenue for a way out of the morass and it is at present without a plan'." One writer in the *Spectator* claimed that the plan was "feasible, and therefore, in the present critical circumstances, necessary. The money is lying idle, the men are there, also idle. Bring these two together by means of carefully considered and desirable public works." The *Times* was almost equally sympathetic. The tremendous popularity of the crown as shown in the Silver Jubilee early in May, coupled with three successful by-elections in April and May, inspired the cabinet with sufficient courage late in July to reject outright the New Deal on the grounds that the government was already exploiting the valuable parts of it.

Lloyd George's plans had fallen on unhappy days. Insofar as public attention was not engrossed with the jubilee, it was attracted by the danger of Britain's entanglement in Continental diplomacy. In March the Nazi government under Hitler reintroduced conscription. A month later England, France, and Italy completed the Stresa agreement, which expressly condemned Germany's violation of the Versailles Treaty. Meanwhile Mussolini proceeded with plans for conquering Ethiopia, and it became for the first time generally known that Germany was rearming at a frightful pace. In this highly charged diplomatic atmosphere, Baldwin effected a cabinet shake-up. He exchanged places with MacDonald, and Sir Samuel Hoare became foreign secretary. Within a fortnight he announced the completion of an Anglo-German naval agreement, which took the diplomatic world by storm, for it seemed to repudiate both the League and the Stresa Convention. Yet it was soon forgotten on account of Italy's insistence upon conquering Ethiopia.

The cabinet knew that France had early in January made a treaty with Italy, giving the latter *carte blanche* in Africa. This event was immortalized by *Punch* in the cartoon "A Brace of Sheikhs," January 16, 1935. Yet Britain afterwards agreed to the Stresa pact, whose sphere of operation was expressly limited to Europe. Not until the foreign office encountered France's reluctance to put the slightest obstacle in Italy's way, did the English cabinet seem to realize that Britain's future in the Mediterranean and her African empire were involved. It had heretofore displayed only a cursory interest in disarmament and collective security through the League, but its hand was forced by the announcement on June 27 of the results of the peace ballot taken under the auspices of the League of Nations Union. This secured the opinion of 11,640,000 voters, who by an overwhelming majority supported the strongest measures of collective security through the League. Almost three-fourths of those polled favored even military sanctions. A month later the *Daily Herald* published what it claimed was the government's five-year programme providing for twelve new battleships, thirty-three cruisers, sixty-three flotilla leader destroyers, and twenty-one new submarines.

The cabinet next attempted to buy off Italy by offering her a part of British Somaliland; when that failed, she appealed to the League

and almost simultaneously, but independently, moved a considerable fleet into the Mediterranean. From the middle of August to the middle of October Anglo-Italian relations threatened war, as Britain seemed to take the leading role in applying sanctions. The cabinet, according to press reports, decided unanimously to support the League in enforcing them. Early in September Eden and Hoare reached Geneva, where on the eleventh, the latter stated categorically that Britain supported the League "as the keynote of its foreign policy." Fearing for the safety of her warships in the Mediterranean, Britain appealed to France for support in case they were attacked by Italy. She was thereupon reminded that she had sent her fleet into the Mediterranean without consulting the League, and even before that body had officially designated Italy as the aggressor.

While international relations were in such a ticklish situation, the "National" government decided to appeal to the country. Earlier in the year there had been rumors of a dissolution, but the jubilee precluded it at least until the autumn. During the summer vacation it was supposed that it would be postponed until after the chancellor of the exchequer had brought in another budget in April, 1936. Rumors of an approaching election began to circulate early in September. Baldwin was brought to favor an early election, partly because the merchants wished it over lest it interfere with the Christmas shopping. Taking advantage of what he termed a diplomatic "lull" he announced the dissolution for October 25, exactly three weeks after Italy commenced warlike operations against Ethiopia. November 4 was nomination day, and the pollings were ten days later.

Nothing except the political necessities of the Conservative party could justify the time of the dissolution. Four months had barely elapsed since the result of the national referendum on these very issues was announced. The government ran the risks attendant upon making political capital out of a serious international crisis. Furthermore, the national election eclipsed the municipal elections held in Britain the first week of November, and thus lost the advantage of keeping local and national issues separate. It ended all thought of the New Deal, although Lloyd George asked some pointed questions as to what Baldwin meant by a "lull" in international affairs, queries that were in reality left unanswered, despite the accusations that the

government had already made a "deal" with Italy at Ethiopia's expense.

Although some previous warning had been given, the time was all too short for the Socialists and the Liberals to organize their campaigns. The opposition parties wished of course to fight the election on domestic issues, where the "National" government was most vulnerable. The cabinet naturally desired to make the polling a referendum on collective security and additional armaments, utilizing the plea that the British fleet in the Mediterranean felt itself helpless against the might of Italian planes and submarines. So closely were the election and the Italian issue intertwined, that on October 17 the cabinet spent so much time discussing the Abyssinian affair that it had to delay its decision on the exact date for the election. The *Angriff*, a Nazi paper, described the Anglo-French negotiations "as the greatest political crisis which Europe has seen since the war." This sweeping statement, curiously enough, is corroborated by the London correspondent of the *Western Mail* (Cardiff) on October 16. The two-hour cabinet meeting of the previous day considered, he said, "the most fateful problems presented since the crisis of 1931—the part which the country shall take in regard to enforcing sanctions against Italy; the 'revolt' of a hundred Conservatives, who threaten to oppose the vote of confidence in the debate on the international situation . . . and plans for a general election. I was told that the cabinet was unanimous on all points."

A few days later Baldwin stated that he had "always been a strong supporter of the League." His statement assuredly does not tally with his earlier assertions that a collective peace system was "perfectly impracticable," and "hardly worth considering." Nor is it in keeping with the actions since 1932 of the "National" government, which showed a propensity to talk about disarmament and immediately proceeded to vote additional funds for armaments. Yet he was easily its most influential member. Throughout the election canvass the cabinet was most uncomfortable over the Ethiopian affair, and the Laborite leaders exceedingly suspicious of its good faith.

Snowden described the election "as a spurious appeal to patriotism," and a "mean and partisan act." The imperialistic, anti-German *National Review* was quite as critical, although for a different rea-

son: "Our government is playing with fire at Geneva, with one view only, the electoral view . . . and they risk a world war to that end. . . . One thing we must be clear about, Italy means business." Lloyd George indignantly termed the dissolution "the meanest electoral trick," which would produce "a shabby election." The veteran politician, however, had wasted no time after it was clear that the cabinet would reject his entire scheme. Even before the government's final decision, he published his programme and turned to the organization of the Council of Action for Peace and Reconstruction to carry on the struggle for it. For a time it was hoped that this body would have the united support of the Free Churches, and considerable aid from progressive Conservatives, but Socialists would have none of it. The council announced that it might put forward 350 candidates at the coming election. This plan failed to materialize, but it sent out a questionnaire to all the candidates for Parliament. On October 20 the council issued a manifesto, suggesting among other things, an armaments truce for five years, arrangements whereby all nations should have access to raw materials, and that international waterways should be administered on principles to be determined by the League. Finally, it urged that the government should "propose that the communications of Italy with East Africa should be severed by the League until hostilities cease." The questionnaire became such a nuisance to Conservative candidates that they were urged by their central organization to ignore it, although the council stated that 365 candidates had accepted its principles—a statement which was challenged by some Conservative papers.

The regular party manifestoes were not long in making their appearance, and were of sufficient importance to warrant a brief examination of each. That of the Liberals resembled somewhat that of the Council of Action. It condemned tariffs as responsible for the "disastrous reduction in the volume of world trade," and urged the country to "rid commerce of the hindrances that come from tariffs, quotas, subsidies, and unstable currencies." It likewise demanded a revision of the means test, a thorough overhauling of agriculture and the coal industry, and raising the age for compulsory school attendance. In view of the developments during the canvass, the most important part dealt with disarmament: "Our aim is to maintain the peace of the

world and preserve our own security. Armaments, on however vast a scale, will not bring security or stop war. . . . a colossal panic expenditure upon arms is not the road to peace. It is the duty of the House of Commons to examine, upon their merits, and with the utmost care, all demands for increased expenditure, especially upon armaments, . . . and the elimination of the motive of private profit. . . . Through strengthening the League of Nations, and through international disarmament, and there alone, the true path of security lies."

Compare this on collective security with the "National" manifesto: "The League of Nations will remain, as heretofore, the keystone of British foreign policy. The prevention of war, and the establishment of settled peace in the world must always be the most vital interest . . . , and the League is the instrument which has been framed, and to which we look, for the attainment of these objects. We shall therefore continue to do all in our power to uphold the Covenant and increase the efficiency of the League. . . . The defence programme will be strictly confined to what is required to make the country and the Empire safe and to fulfil our obligations towards the League." This manifesto called attention to the improvement in unemployment figures. It promised to attempt the reduction of tariff barriers by bilateral treaties, to stimulate improvements in agriculture, to extend help to the "distressed" areas, and bring about needed reforms in the chaotic coal industry, partly through the "unification" of royalties. "Distressed" and "unification" seem to have been euphemisms for "derelict" and "nationalization." It also promised an extension of social services, including the raising of the school age to fifteen, but with "exemptions for those children who can obtain satisfactory employment."

The Labor manifesto is somewhat more ambitious and concrete, partly, perhaps, because it is easier for the opposition than the party in power to make generous promises. This tract first of all indicts the "National" government for failing to adopt really constructive measures in its domestic and foreign policies. It speaks of the "four barren years," which have left the "grim spectacle of 2,000,000 workless, with an army of well over 1,500,000 on the Poor Law, and with the deepening tragedy of the distressed areas." Its indictment of

diplomacy is decidedly emphatic: "The government has a terrible responsibility for the present international situation. It did nothing to check the aggression of Japan in the Far East, and thus seriously discredited the League of Nations and undermined the collective peace system. It has wrecked the disarmament conference by resisting all the constructive proposals. . . . Lord Londonderry has boasted that he succeeded, though with great difficulty, in preventing an agreement for the complete abolition of all national air forces. The government has helped restart the arms race, and it failed to make Signor Mussolini understand that, if he broke the peace in Africa, Britain would join with other nations in upholding the authority of the League. Too late to stop the war, the government ranged itself at the eleventh hour behind the Covenant at Geneva. Even now, its action has been slow and half-hearted. Whilst paying lip-service to the League it is planning a vast and expensive rearmament programme. . . . This government is a danger to the peace of the world and to the security of this country." In domestic affairs the Labor tract favored "public ownership for the efficient conduct in the national interest" of banking, coal and its products, transport, electricity, iron and steel, and cotton. It also declared for the public ownership of land, and vastly increased expenditure on national education for the poor, "with adequate maintenance allowances." In conclusion the manifesto said: "Labor seeks a mandate to carry out this programme by constitutional and democratic means, and with this end in view it seeks power to abolish the House of Lords and improve the procedure of the House of Commons. Labour asks the nation for a Parliamentary majority in order to promote Socialism at home and peace abroad." The *Morning Post* said that this manifesto surprised "in nothing but the extravagance of its contempt for the facts and realities of the present situation, both foreign and domestic." The *Glasgow Herald* described it as "impregnated with class prejudice from beginning to end."

All three parties stressed the need for social services. Both opposition parties attacked the vagueness of the "National" document. Morrison trenchantly termed it "the most wordy . . . and meaningless document I have read for many a long day, and when I observe the signatures on it I do not wonder. One can see running through its numberless paragraphs the easy-going mind of Mr. Baldwin, which

flatly refuses to worry about anything; and the ambiguous legal outlook of Sir John Simon, and the metaphysical flapdoodle of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald." Months earlier Sir Stafford Cripps, the *enfant terrible* of the Labour party, conceded the probability of a first-class financial panic when his party took over. Of this the "National" party made the most, and published towards the close of the canvass a pamphlet, suggesting that the Socialists would even confiscate the houses of the workers, which would encompass the ruin of the building societies. This scare failed to develop, because the printers of the tract, who happened to be trade unionists, allowed the information to leak out, so that the Socialists anticipated its appearance with suitable arguments.

During the campaign Labor successfully criticized the "National" party's reluctance to support whole-heartedly social legislation. A Labor pamphlet had a devastating description, with timely photographs, of actual slum conditions—in itself a sufficient commentary upon the government's housing policy. Conditions in the derelict areas also carried their own terrible lesson. The Socialists compared the chancellor of the exchequer's extreme reluctance to spend two or three million sterling on these districts, with his obvious willingness to find a hundred million for armaments. The government felt these criticisms so acutely that it refused time for a debate on the depressed areas just prior to the dissolution. Conditions in the coal industry were rapidly reaching a crisis, and only the cleverest diplomacy averted a general strike in the coal fields during the election. The Socialists also made headway in attacking the government's half-hearted efforts in extending its educational facilities. It was useless, they urged, to extend the period of compulsory education to fifteen, if local authorities could permit any child over fourteen to accept work. The continuance of subsidies to the beet sugar industry had, the Socialists maintained, become a scandal, for the subsidy alone amounted to two and a half times the cost of such sugar if it had been imported. The Socialists tried to show that the tariffs, subsidies, quotas, derating, and the like had, together with economies in the administration of the dole, indirectly cost the lower classes over £440,000,000. The dole was lowered while the price of bread was rising. On the eve of the election the government threw a sop to the

lower classes by increasing children's benefit under the dole from two to three shillings, and likewise stole some of Lloyd George's thunder by announcing a five-year programme for highway development involving the expenditure of £100,000,000, together with £30,000,000 for the improvement of railways.

Domestic problems gradually faded into insignificance, however, in the presence of the burning issue of economic sanctions to be applied against Italy. A few days before the dissolution the Archbishop of Canterbury begged all Christian churches to take action in support of the League, for "the defence of the Covenant is in truth the defence of peace." While the organs of the newspaper barons, as well as the *Observer*, insisted that sanctions would bring about an Anglo-Italian war, the more staid organs such as the *Glasgow Herald* felt that the risks were little greater than those which "neutral powers have necessarily run whenever hostilities break out between powers." The opposition's attack on the government's foreign policy was mainly directed to the point that it had already sold out to Mussolini, but that it could not afford to acknowledge that fact until after the elections. The *Liberal News-Chronicle* referred to the rumor, and expressed the hope that Hoare would deny it. The *Daily Herald* intimated that private conferences at Rome, Paris, and London had undermined the position of Eden at Geneva, and insinuated that Chamberlain, Hailsham, and Londonderry were quite capable of making a "deal" with the Duce. The same day that Sir John Simon denied as "quite untrue that negotiations were going on behind the back of the League between Great Britain, France and Italy," both the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Express* were saying that the broad outlines of the Italian peace terms were as well known in London as in Paris, where Laval was acting as intermediary. The *Express* said that Laval did not want the terms made public as yet, for they might raise the suspicion that he was working outside of the League. The *Daily Herald* stated categorically that Mussolini's terms were satisfactory to France and England, although Baldwin and Hoare could not "accept them on the eve of the election." Baldwin's commentary seems almost meaningless: "We have no intention of acting by ourselves, of going farther than we can get the whole League to go. We never had war in our minds. I deprecate the use of the word."

Throughout the contest the Socialists maintained that the Conservatives were capitalizing a war scare to gain a mandate for increased armaments. They challenged the statement that the British navy was inadequate and obsolete, but the Admiralty refused to permit them to go into detail in proving their contentions on the plea that they would be exposing naval secrets. Baldwin said on October 29, "There has not, there is not, and there will not be any question of huge armaments, or materially increased forces." Two days later he reassured the skeptical, "I give you my word there will be no great armaments." The *Yorkshire Post* (Eden's paper) described him as "devoted heart and head to making collective security a reality, and to the attainment through the League of an international order capable of effecting change without recourse to violence."

The remarks of the premier and foreign secretary failed to kill the rumors of an agreement at the expense of Ethiopia. On October 31, the foreign editor of the *News-Chronicle* printed what he insisted were detailed terms of the proposals as to Ethiopia. These show a remarkable resemblance to the Hoare-Laval agreement, which did not see the light for six weeks—almost a month after the election. A day earlier the *Daily Herald* also sent in a similar dispatch. The following week the diplomatic correspondent of the Labor organ claimed that a deal was on foot to scrap the League and return to the system of alliances. The *New Statesman and Nation* supported these contentions, and insisted that Britain was desirous only of bolstering up her peace system with a four-power pact and an air Locarno. In the light of what actually did happen a letter to the *News-Chronicle*, November 6, appears positively prophetic: "If the Tories are put in we shall hear little more about sanctions; they will be shelved by M. Laval's advice as unworkable; and we shall hear that a gentleman-burglar agreement has been happily arrived at giving Mussolini 'a free hand' in Abyssinia." Four days later, however, Hoare said at the Lord Mayor's Banquet that England would "join in any honourable attempts that will bring the Abyssinian war to an end. Throw the whole weight of their country into the scales of world peace. . . . This is our policy. It has not changed since my speech at Geneva, nor will it change after the election." It is impossible to reconcile this speech with the Hoare-Laval proposals.

Another aspect of diplomacy was discussed by Ernest Bevin: "For weeks, while we have been denouncing Hitler, certain interests in the City of London have been trying to arrange a loan for Germany, to be spent on armaments. It has been going on and there is a conflict of opinion in financial circles as to its wisdom. While the City of London is doing that, Mr. Baldwin is asking you to spend £200,000,000 on a navy to stop Germany fighting you with armaments built up with money from this country. It is hypocrisy and wickedness."

The canvass itself was particularly dull, despite the great interest in diplomacy. The buildings society's scare of the Conservatives did not develop, nor did that of the Socialists, which claimed that the "National" government, if successful, would introduce conscription. Whether because of the radio, the character of the appeal to the electorate, the feeling of general hopelessness among the opposition, or the general apathy of the Conservatives, the election meetings were rather drab and poorly attended. Heckling appeared almost a lost art, except in the meetings held by the "National" Labor group. The feeling of the Socialists against Thomas and the two MacDonalds, who had deserted the Socialists in 1931, was exceedingly bitter, and their meetings were, to say the least, decidedly lively. Except at their sessions, instances of violence were very few. The fog-horn voice of Ernest Brown, Minister of Labor, was shouted down in one place. A Conservative candidate reported that one of his supporters was kicked by a number of women. Walter Elliot's meetings in Glasgow were most lively, although he hotly denied the newspaper report that he had to defend his wife with his fists. Neville Chamberlain had a few turbulent sessions, as did the older and younger Churchills. The former premier, however, was singled out, partly because he obstinately persisted in fighting his old constituency, where the bulk of the voters were miners who had suffered acutely from unemployment. To them he was another Judas, who had betrayed into the hands of Conservative reactionaries the Socialist party he had helped to found. Mr. Attlee said that he had "shed every rag of political conviction, and may be described as a political nudist."

Despite the efforts of the press barons, little could be made of rowdyism in this election. Even by exaggerating every little incident,

they could make little capital out of it all. The *New Statesman and Nation* decided that the papers should be "comparing the sweet reasonableness of 1935 with the riotous pre-war days when bad eggs and worse tomatoes were still used as political arguments." An American observer wrote that much of the stamping and noise in some of the more lively meetings was due to the chilliness of the meeting halls, and the lack of clothing by the audience. He suggested that MacDonald's attitude towards his constituents was at times thoroughly provocative. A. Wyatt Tilby wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*: "By common consent the 1935 election was the quietest and most orderly ever held. There were no riots, hardly any broken heads, and the election egg is no longer a marketable commodity." The *National Review* considered the election "the quietest on record." Upon its failure to make much news of little information, the *Daily Express* concluded: "Nobody cares. That's the summing-up of the election. Why? Because men don't believe passionately in what they say. Many a candidate doesn't believe at all in the stuff he tries to put across. So there's no fire, no faith, no truth in the contest. Half-empty meetings, half-hearted heckling, despondent followers are the rule. . . . Politics will live again when men care all and dare all. . . . Stir yourselves, Tories who believe in Empire! Rise up, Radicals who want the soil for the peasant! Speak the faith that is in you, . . . for unless you speak, though you suffer, Britain will fall from apathy into anarchy, and then tyranny."

The sudden announcement of the elections made it difficult for any of the parties properly to provide propaganda for the electorate. The Conservatives, amply supplied with funds, were of course best prepared. Some of the more important Conservative tracts were: *Educational Reform*, *As Safe as the Bank*, *The State and the Farm*, and *On Top of the World*. Their large handbook of four hundred and thirty-seven pages, *Notes for Speakers and Workers*, is a mine of information for the politician, arranged topically and provided with an index. Tariffs received sixty pages, diplomacy and disarmament a few more. For the less scholarly, an abridgment is provided, *Questions and Answers: A Simple Handbook for Political Workers*. Any political speaker who digested these two books was amply provided with ammunition against the heckler. To counter

these last two, the Socialists had two vest-pocket penny tracts: *Fifty Reasons Why You Should Vote Labour*, and *Fifty Points against the "National" Government*. With the slender means at their disposal the Socialists did wonders. Their most effective materials on social services and nationalization had been ready for some time, but now were for the first time used in any extensive way. Their more effective pamphlets were probably *The Sky's the Limit: Plain Words on Plane Profits*, which seems a bit prophetic in view of Lord Nuffield's recent disclosures, which no amount of ministerial "Hugh-Hush" could quite drown out; *Up with the Houses, Down with the Slums!*; *Labour and Education*, and *The Traffic in Arms*, by Philip Noel Baker. The Liberal output was not particularly significant, except for the materials published under the auspices of the Council for Action, but was less necessary on account of the excellence of *The Liberal Magazine*, and *The Liberal Year Book*.

Posters and handbills were below the standard of the two previous elections, either in their artistic or intellectual appeal. The Conservatives stressed in theirs the contrast between conditions in 1931 and 1935, and accused the Labor leaders in 1931 of running away from their duty. One compared the three P's of the Conservatives,

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Socialist posters emphasized the danger of war from the "National" government, and showed babies wearing gas masks. At least one Labor handbill portrayed a highly realistic scene in the slums.

This election showed fewer candidates, fewer uncontested seats, fewer triangular contests, and fewer women candidates than usual. Thirty-eight returns were unopposed; Labor upset an old precedent by contesting (though unsuccessfully) the seat held by the Speaker of the House. One hundred and forty-seven contests were triangular, as compared with 99 in 1931 and 444 in 1929. The number of women candidates was 66, 4 more than in 1931. Of these, 33 were Socialists, 19 Conservatives, and 11 Liberal. Of the women candidates, the Duchess of Atholl, Viscountess Astor, Miss Jenny Lee, Miss Lloyd George, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Lawrence, Miss Bondfield, and Miss Rathbone were most outstanding. Of the total of 1,345 candidates,

the Conservatives had 511, the Socialists 552, and the Liberals 217, of which the Samuelite Liberals provided 154. Two-fifths of the Conservative candidates were Cambridge or Oxford men, Oxford having 126, and Cambridge 81. Christ Church (Oxford) alone had 30. The Free Churches were represented by 97 candidates, the Methodists leading with 44, or including the Calvinistic Methodists, 51. The growth of the electorate to nearly thirty-one million increased the cost of the election to about £2,000,000. Of this sum, the government provided more than one-sixth to pay the returning officers and other costs of holding the poll. The candidates furnished twice as much, and the central organizations of the respective parties the remainder. One journalist calculated that it required about £700 to return a Conservative, but only £450 for a Socialist. Such figures are approximate, for the central party organization renders no account of its expenditures. The Conservatives potentially have immensely greater financial resources than the Socialists. As a consequence, a contest between them must in the nature of things be a bit unequal.

Few persons looked forward to a Labor victory, but almost every one expected the "National" government to lose many seats. Gambling on the Stock Exchange indicated a government majority of between 170 and 180. The results were probably even more surprising than those of 1931. The war scare had apparently done its work, for the "National" government secured a majority of 250. The Conservatives won 385 seats, and the Socialists 154. Labor's popular vote was more than eight millions, and that of the Conservatives two millions more. The total vote was disappointing, for only 70 per cent of the electorate went to the polls. The Samuelites were almost extinguished, losing 13 of their 30 seats. Its leader, its chief whip, and its party manager were all three defeated, while 42 of their candidates received less than one-eighth of the votes cast in their constituency and lost their deposits.

The Conservatives elected one member for every 27,000 voters; the Socialists one for every 55,000. The government won 27 minority seats, the Laborites, 11. Professor H. J. Laski noted that a "shift of 1,000,000 electors in divisions where the government's majority was less than 2,000 might have defeated the government." The *Observer* said that "a slight shift in the voting . . . would have reduced the huge

ministerial ranks to half the towering predominance they once enjoyed." Lord Snowden called attention to the absurdity of a situation where the opposition could get 46 per cent of the total vote and yet be left in a hopeless minority. One writer calculated that under proportional representation the majority of the government would have been about 50. Labor was profoundly discouraged, for it salvaged only a little more than one-third of the seats it lost in the debacle of 1931.

Of the 66 women candidates, 9 were elected. Those successful were the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Astor, Miss Cazalet, Miss Ward, Miss Horsbrugh, Mrs. Tate, Miss Lloyd George, Miss Rathbone, and Miss Wilkinson. From these results and similar ones in previous elections, it is clear that women do not prefer to vote for their own sex. In fact, the constituencies which have the largest proportion of women, rarely have women candidates. For the government Sir John Simon pulled through with a majority of 642 in a total vote of 42,000; Walter Elliot narrowly escaped defeat by a margin of 149. Both the MacDonalds were defeated, the elder going down by a vote of more than two to one. Miss Lawrence lost to the rising young Conservative, Harold Macmillan. Miss Bondfield was defeated by Miss Ward. Another Labor casualty much regretted was Philip Noel Baker, who has since been returned in a by-election. Young Churchill also lost out by a small majority. Sir Norman Angel and Leslie Thomas also met defeat.

Among the more interesting men elected were A. P. Herbert, wit and writer; Lord Burghley, the Olympic hurdler; Roland Tree, grandson of the late Marshall Field; Alfred Blossom, the architect; and W. W. Astor, son of Lady Astor. This was the first mother-and-son combination in the Commons, just as that of Lloyd George and his daughter was the first father-and-daughter combination. The Astor family group now is just as large as that of the Welsh politician, for Lady Astor's son-in-law and brother-in-law were both successful, and her husband, of course, sits in the upper house. The youngest member was Malcolm Macmillan, who was elected for the Western Isles at the age of twenty-two. Laski classified the group elected as to professions:

Rentiers	139	Soldiers and sailors	24
Businessmen	102	Journalists	19
Law	73	Railways and shipping	17
Aristocrats	48	Banking and finance	11
Miners	34	Agriculture	11

Authors are exceedingly well represented by Churchill, Harold Nicholson, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, Herbert, A. S. Crossley, Robert Bernays, and Henry Chamon. Journalists will also be very much in evidence with Maxwell Fyfe, Brander Bracken, editor of the *Banker*, Beverly Baxter, and Hamilton Kerr. Publishers should be able to take care of themselves with Sir Godfrey Collins, Harold Macmillan, Captain Elliston, and Ben Riley.

The "National" government received a mandate for its policy during the next five years, and conservatively minded folk breathed freely once more. The *Observer* was greatly impressed: "To see the first epoch-making decision [of 1931] confirmed four years after with settled strength and determination . . . is on the whole, about the most impressive demonstration of the national staunchness and discipline working through full democracy in full freedom, that the world's politics has ever seen." The *Daily Mail* naturally let itself go. It was a "magnificent triumph," and such a "resounding success will be felt throughout the world and will strengthen the prestige of this country." It was for this organ likewise a mandate for rearmament.

"The country will not readily forgive those whom it has trusted in its hour of danger if they falter or delay or rest content with those half measures which are infinitely perilous in a world that is armed to the teeth. . . . We hope, too, that, having rearmed this country, the Government will pursue a policy of 'Britain First,' and have nothing to do with the Socialist programme of international meddling with insignificant armaments." The *Glasgow Herald* felt that the results indicated a return to the two-party system.

The effects were soon evident on the Stock Exchange. The *News-Chronicle* reported: "The City gave the election results the welcome of a minor Stock Exchange boom. Almost everything went up—gilt-edged industrials; oils and gold mining shares. . . . Special attention was paid to armament shares and to the heavy industries, for which the Stock Exchange is expecting a period of activity. . . . The outcome

... is expected to open the flood-gates to a large number of new capital issues." The *Daily Herald* had prophesied precisely this in the event of a clear-cut victory of the "Nationals," and was exceedingly critical of the financial methods that would probably be employed by the government, as providing a golden harvest for questionable brokerage firms. The *New York Times* remarked also that the Conservative victory "should strengthen the government's hands in demanding at least 20 new cruisers" at the forthcoming naval conference.

The Liberals almost immediately began their reorganization of the party. Labor likewise found ample food for thought in the results. The *Manchester Guardian* faithfully summarized the situation: "The truth is that Labour has failed in scores of divisions to recapture the last few hundreds or thousands of the supporters of 1929, who left it in 1931; it has failed to attract more than a small proportion of the Liberals who had their own candidates in 1929 but had none in 1931 and 1935; . . . Labour has been unable to capitalize the genuine, widespread discontent with the government, because, much as people distrusted the government, they distrusted Labour hardly less. . . . The Labour party will have to come down to earth. It will have to throw up leaders in whose ability and common sense people will believe as they do in Mr. Baldwin's. . . . The parties of the Left have a long period of disheartening sterility before them." Labor made no headway against the Conservative Hindenburg Line—the English counties—and until they captured some of them, they "can never hope to command a working majority."

The Ethiopian crisis only simmered during the closing days of the election, but reached the boiling point soon afterwards. Early in December, England and France agreed upon the Hoare-Laval proposals, which would have handsomely rewarded the aggressor at the expense of Ethiopia. It is much too early to ascertain why these two great nations betrayed not only a fellow member of the League that trusted them, but the League itself and the entire system of collective security which the League had sought to build up. The outburst of outraged indignation in England compelled the ministry to sacrifice its foreign secretary, although since the entire cabinet was implicated, a collective

resignation would have been a more honest proceeding. It had certainly gone back on the mandate given it on November 14.

One enterprising journalist, Robert Dell, stated later: "The main lines of the Vansittart plan, commonly but erroneously called the Hoare-Laval plan, were communicated by Mr. Baldwin to the Comte de Chambrun, who was then French Ambassador at Rome, at Aix-les-Bains in September, 1935, just at the time when Sir Samuel Hoare made his noble speech at Geneva. Nobody, not even Hitler or Mussolini, is capable of greater duplicity in politics than a high-minded, God-fearing English gentleman."

Hoare later confessed that the cabinet had sought through sanctions to prove to the supporters of the peace ballot that collective security through the League was an iridescent dream. A year after the election, Baldwin made his public recantation. He admitted that two years before the election, the "National" government had abandoned the idea of disarmament, but that it had not dared to acknowledge it: "Supposing I had gone to the country and said that Germany was rearming and that we must rearm, does anybody think that this pacific democracy would have rallied to that cry at that moment? I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election, from my point of view, more certain. . . . All I did was to take a moment perhaps less unfortunate than another might have been, and we won the election with a large majority." Could any statement in the *Realpolitik* be more devastating? The same tendency is visible in the readmission of Hoare to the cabinet as first lord of the admiralty, after what Lloyd George aptly termed a "period of quarantine."

Baldwin's "appalling frankness" suggests that the election canvass of 1935 reached a new "low" in English political life. He confessedly deceived the people, instead of telling them the truth; he actively rearmed while talking about disarmament; if the diplomatic situation was as dangerous as he described, by his half-hearted rearmament policy and his appeal to the League in the Ethiopian crisis, he deliberately brought his people to the verge of war. His political enemies maintain that the League of Nations Union frightened him into appealing to the League, while at the same time he

moved his fleet into the Mediterranean. In almost every instance Labor's accusations with reference to the government's aims as to disarmament and diplomacy were proved accurate by its later actions. Never, perhaps, in the history of English cabinets, has one been so emphatically and so rapidly repudiated as this one, and yet it has contrived to remain in power, without even changing the policy repudiated. Never has any British government lost prestige with such rapidity as this one. Throughout the Hoare-Laval affair Baldwin was less than frank as to Hoare, and obviously, as things have turned out, less than fair. His re-entry into the cabinet with a different, but very important naval portfolio, was more than slightly unusual, especially since his successor in the foreign office was retained, although it seems perfectly obvious from recent developments, with his wings trimmed. It is equally difficult to appreciate why British public opinion would permit the man whom they so bitterly denounced a few months before, to return to the cabinet in a position of such peculiar importance and responsibility.

This election has afforded an excellent opportunity to study the development of public opinion in the twentieth century. The crisis in Ethiopia was largely press managed. The Fascist papers worked up public opinion in Italy against the presence of British warships, while the British ones failed to give any accurate information on this important matter for some weeks while the Anglo-Italian tension was at its height. Was this also due to Baldwin's fear that people might learn the truth? The Duce's understanding with France, coupled with his threats, kept the latter from supporting Britain and the League. England buckled under the strain, and Italy had her way in Ethiopia. It is barely possible that a large part of the tension between Britain and Italy was manufactured on the eve of an election for British consumption only. At least many British Socialists will believe this until the end of time.

Few elections have been less interesting in themselves, but none, perhaps, in their inner revelation have been more enlightening. Few have been so carefully prepared for in advance by the party in power. Although professedly fought out on one issue, the winning policy was that which the vanquished supported, and the victors really opposed. In no British election, perhaps, were the electors more completely out-

witted, unless perchance it was the elections of 1918, 1924, or 1931. The sequel seems to show that Lincoln's celebrated dictum is not true, at least for the British, who have been fooled almost an indiscriminate number of times by the same political party. We might well inquire whether, for the future, elections are to be fought on temporary issues, where the party in power can choose its own proper time for appealing to the prejudices and fears of the masses, who are incapable of thinking out complicated problems, and particularly in an atmosphere carefully prepared to preclude clear thinking. In recent years neither the government nor the opposition has been willing to stand or fall as a result of a definite, clear-cut policy. This situation was highly accentuated, if not actually bedevilled by the antics of the ultra-popular papers, especially those of the great press barons, who were willing to go to any length to "queer the pitch" of Baldwin. The tone of these newspapers and of the campaign orators suggests that Britain has not proceeded far in the last two-thirds of a century in the political education of her masters. These things may not be so fundamental in the immediate future, because developments in Britain during the last year and a half definitely suggest that its press is being increasingly controlled by the Government.

HAWTHORNE AS SELF-CRITIC

ARLIN TURNER

ON DOZENS of occasions Hawthorne criticized his own works; and John Erskine has said of him that "there never was, perhaps, a better self-critic." It might be expected that he would habitually underestimate the worth of his writings. But it is something of a surprise that he thought the prefatory sketch "The Custom House" to be better than *The Scarlet Letter*; and also that he considered *The House of the Seven Gables* a better book than *The Scarlet Letter*, and *The Marble Faun* much better than the other two romances. Furthermore, he wrote to his publisher friend, James T. Fields, in 1860, "If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them."

Hawthorne began early to evaluate the products of his pen. In the hazy years after he left Bowdoin College in 1825, he burned the ill-fated *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, for which he could not find a publisher. And soon after the publication in 1828 of *Fanshawe*—a puerile and unconvincing imitation of Sir Walter Scott—he recalled the edition and destroyed every copy he could lay hands on. He came to consider it both the prerogative and the duty of an author to pass judgment on his own works, for he wrote in the 1851 preface to the *Twice-Told Tales* that an author "would have reason to be ashamed if he could not criticise his own work as fairly as another man's. . . . If the writers were allowed to do so," he continued, "and would perform the task with perfect sincerity and unreserve, their opinions of their own productions would often be more valuable and instructive than the works themselves."

Though subjective and introspective on almost every occasion, Hawthorne was able to assume a remarkable objectivity in looking critically at his own writings. When he was honest in judging his own works, he exemplified undeniable clear-sightedness. But he was not honest at all times, for his modesty and his uncertainty of himself led him not infrequently to make obvious underestimates of his worth, and even to berate himself absurdly. In his comments on his tales

and romances, for example, set down in his prefaces and in his letters, Hawthorne anticipated his critics in pointing to the chief faults of his writings—the gloom, the prevalence of allegory, and the vagueness of his characters, settings, and incidents.

Though Hawthorne believed that his books were too prevailingly gloomy, he seemed unable to correct the fault. Just after finishing his most depressing romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, and while making plans for its publication, he wrote to Fields: "If the book is made up entirely of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it would be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it would weary many people and disgust some." And he wrote again to Fields some ten years later: "When I get home, I will try to write a more genial book; but the Devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand, and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time." Then late in 1863 he remarked to Fields, "I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book."

Whether or not there is truth in the contention of Hawthorne's wife and children that he was neither melancholy nor morbid, he was undeniably gloomy. His delving into the souls of those about him and his analysis of the social institutions of his own time and of the past convinced him of the prevalence of evil. Though theological dogmas as such concerned him but little, he toyed with the ideas of primal sin and of predestination. Like Thomas Hardy, he conceived of human destinies as framed by the hand of fate, invincible and predominantly cruel. But the determinism which he accepted and the consequent touch of pessimism had less to do with materialities and more to do with matters of the soul than did Hardy's. The result was that Hawthorne was meditative and seclusive; and since his writings derive from the amalgamation of raw materials in the heat of his mind and soul, the products of his pen were inevitably shrouded in melancholy.

A glance at a few of Hawthorne's writings will reveal why for him the tone of almost unrelieved gloom was inevitable. In a majority of his tales and romances he was concerned with the problem of

sin, mainly with the results of sin. Determinism meant to him, as to the author of the "Rubaiyat," that human destinies are dictated not by an individual creator or a totally external force, but rather by the weight of the past. On earth, therefore, man cannot escape suffering for his transgressions. There may or may not be forgiveness for sin in a future life, but the effects of evil are inescapable in life on earth. The soul of the sinner is withered and cankered, and even the countenance and the body become twisted and disfigured as a reflection of the inner being. Is it surprising, therefore, that Hawthorne, who saw such suffering to be the inescapable result of sin and who considered sin to be a considerable part of every life, should have saturated his treatments of sin with gloom? In *The Scarlet Letter* Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne suffer as a consequence of what the author assumes to have been a transgression—Dimmesdale's suffering is by far the greater because he has added hypocrisy to his sin. But Roger Chillingworth experiences much the greatest warping of both body and soul, for in prying into the heart of Dimmesdale, he has violated the individuality of his victim and has all but committed the unpardonable sin. In *The Marble Faun* Miriam enters the story blighted by some sin she has committed in the past with the Capuchin monk, and at the end she and Donatello are left to pursue a melancholy existence brought upon them by their sins. The gloom and the cruelty of the inexorable doom visited upon the pathetic Aunt Hepzibah and Clifford in *The House of the Seven Gables* are even more impressive because the characters are suffering for sins of their ancestors, not their own. Still, to Hawthorne's mind the effects of sin are inescapable, and so no other outcome for his stories would be possible. And, though he realized that his readers would protest against the unrelieved sadness, he could not write otherwise.

The prevalence of allegory in his writings appeared to Hawthorne to be a fault. He writes of M. de l'Aubepine in the introductory passage to "Rappaccini's Daughter"—a passage in reality applicable to Hawthorne himself: "His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds and to steal away the human warmth

out of his conceptions." These intangible qualities of his tales came to Hawthorne's attention again in 1854 when he wrote the preface for a new edition of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. "Upon my honor," he wrote to Fields at the time, "I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning, in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times; and, to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book."

One of Hawthorne's most extended passages of self-criticism occurs in the preface to the 1851 edition of the *Twice-Told Tales*, in which his analysis of his tales and sketches, though obviously distorted by his modesty and fondness for undervaluing his writings, is largely just. The following excerpt embodies another of his statements regarding allegory: "They [his stories] have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade,—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. . . . The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."

Since, therefore, Hawthorne was cognizant of the lack of vitality of his characters and of the intangibility of his settings, and since he considered his fondness for symbolism and allegory to be a fault, it may be asked why he did not write differently. The explanation lies in the very nature of the man. He could not bring himself to abandon allegory because he thought ultimately in terms of abstractions. His observation took note of only such persons, events, or places as obtruded themselves as manifestations of some general truth. He did not consider a plot, involving a few or many characters, worthwhile unless some element of human philosophy could be symbolized.

But there was a more intimate reason for Hawthorne's striving assiduously to avoid the contemporary and the real—a sort of inferiority complex which led him to fear that his writings might be checked against actualities and found to be inexact. He considered

himself a recluse and a being apart; and though his notebooks and his letters and some of his tales and sketches show that he was not oblivious to the world about him, he invariably denied that he used actual persons or places in his writings. In the preface to *The Blithedale Romance*, for example, he denies that the setting and the characters of the story bear any relation to the Brook Farm community and to the people he was associated with during his residence on the farm. In the preface to *The House of the Seven Gables* he declares that the setting and all the characters are fictitious, and that he has not attempted to describe local manners; in *The Marble Faun* he insists that he has made no attempt to picture life and customs in Italy. Similarly he denied on numerous occasions that he revealed anything of himself in his writings. Such is far from the truth; but his reasons for trying to conceal himself and for insisting that his writings contain nothing of autobiography are aptly expressed in "Passages from a Relinquished Work," in which it is said of the Story-Teller that he held back at the thought of "relinquishing the immunities of a private character, and giving every man, and for money, too, the right . . . of treating" him "with open scorn." By nature he felt more at ease in the realms of the past, and he was fearful whenever he ventured into the precinct of the real. Still, he recognized his vagueness as a shortcoming. He naïvely placed an excessive value on "The Custom House," a sketch which has a closer kinship with actuality than perhaps any of his other writings. He considered the sketch better than *The Scarlet Letter* and insisted on publishing it because of "the general accuracy with which he . . . conveyed his sincere impressions of the characters therein described."

This inveterate fondness for allegory and vagueness goes far toward explaining Hawthorne's theory of the romance, as distinct from the novel—particularly his conception that the romance must be laid in a background of dim light, mellowness, and legendary mist. For he realized that his allegories would gain much from remoteness and indefiniteness. He feared he had spoiled *The House of the Seven Gables* by bringing the pictures too near to reality; and in the preface to *The Blithedale Romance* he explains that he has used Brook Farm "merely to establish a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their

phantasmagorical antics, without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives." In European countries, so he declares, the romancers are allowed liberties in probability; but "among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no such Faery Land, so like the real world, that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer needs. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals; a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible." Similarly, in the preface to *The Marble Faun* Hawthorne explains that he has used the Italian setting chiefly because it affords "a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author," he adds, "without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. . . . Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

Much of Hawthorne's self-abasement was doubtless prompted by his modesty, and much of it was intended as obvious understatement, but some of it seems both sincere and just. In 1841 he wrote to Sophia Peabody of composing his tales in Salem, "the region of sleepy-head and stupidity," and added, "I suppose the characteristics of the place are reproduced in the tales; and that accounts for the overpowering disposition to slumber which so many people experience, in reading thy husband's productions." Some years later he exclaimed, "How little have I told! and of that little, how almost nothing is even tinctured with any quality that makes it exclusively my own!" The preface to the 1851 edition of the *Twice-Told Tales* evidences the author's partially veiled dissatisfaction with the public acceptance of his works. It is here that he calls himself the "obscurest man of letters in America." And in the same year he wrote in the preface to *The Snow-Image and Other Twice-Told Tales* that his

later stories showed almost no improvement over his earlier ones. He again vowed to bring out no more of such pieces. He wrote to Fields that *The Marble Faun* was "an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style of narrative"; and he berated *Our Old Home* every time he spoke of it, both in the preface and in his letters. Once he wrote to Fields, "Heaven sees fit to visit me with an unshakable conviction that all this series of articles is good for nothing"; and later, "It is not a good nor a weighty book, nor does it deserve any good amount either of praise or censure." Many of these remarks were doubtless purposeful understatements of his worth; but the following, from a letter written to Fields in 1860, is as accurate a judgment of his writings as could be passed by any unbiased critic now, after three-quarters of a century has elapsed: "My own opinion is, that I am not really a popular writer. . . . Possibly I may (or may not) deserve something better than popularity; but looking at all my productions, and especially this latter one, with a cold or critical eye, I can see that they do not make their appeal to the popular mind."

ENTHUSIASMS OF 1898

J. FRED RIPPY

I

IT IS WELL known that in the United States the period from 1803 to 1854 was an era of ardent nationalism and territorial expansion. During the next ten years the expansion movement was checked by the slavery issue and the Civil War, and its revival during the Johnson-Grant Administration lasted for only a short time. For thirty years after the close of the Civil War the movement was curbed by a national tradition against the annexation of territory separated from the United States by intervening ocean as well as by the assumption that the acquisition of colonies would conflict with certain American ideals and convictions: democratic government requires a homogeneous population; it is wrong to subject one people to the rule of another; colonies would involve large military and naval expenditures, which should be avoided; it would be imprudent to become embroiled in world politics by acquiring distant colonies; and the United States should concentrate upon the development of a great continental civilization.

Yet something happened to cause the United States to depart from these convictions and ideals. What was it? The correct answer is difficult to determine, or rather it is not easy to select from the various influences in operation the ones which had most weight.

Those who accept the view of economic determinism in history will answer that the change was caused by outward pressure for markets and investment opportunities, and by the influence of individuals who had established their residence or made investments in the areas subsequently annexed. No doubt these factors were influential. Although investments of citizens of the United States in Samoa and the Philippines were small indeed, these islands were way stations for the vast economic opportunities envisaged in the Far East, and such investments were of considerable importance in Cuba and of still greater significance in the Hawaiian Islands. Moreover, in New York there were two editors, Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst, who stirred up sentiment for war with Spain largely for the

purpose of increasing their subscriptions and hence the value of their advertising columns. Yet it is difficult to believe that the economic factor was the sole factor in the new expansionism.

Shortly after 1890 two arguments of an emotional or sentimental nature began to be developed in this country to justify another period of expansion. They may be described by the phrases "Inevitable Destiny" and "The White Man's Burden." It is impossible to measure their influence, but it would be rash to assert that they had none at all. Even if they were mere rationalizations of economic interest—and they were probably more than that—they may have convinced many. The fact that they were so industriously promulgated clearly indicates that those who employed them were confident they would win converts for the new policy. Their examination will lead one into the realm of political theory and metaphysics.

II

The doctrine of inevitable destiny differs from most of the manifest-destiny arguments of the earlier period of our expansion. Before the Civil War it was often asserted that the expansion of the United States could not be resisted by others. But this new apology for expansionism did not assert merely that American expansion could not be prevented by others; it also maintained that it could not be resisted by Americans themselves. Willing or unwilling, the people of the United States were caught in the toils of inevitable destiny. It was a curious concept in the land of the free and the home of the strenuous!

Here, then, is a theory of determinism. But there were two types of this determinism: one asserted that the inevitabilities of our national life resulted primarily from factors outside the human will, from external influences, events, and resultant circumstances; the other affirmed that the inevitabilities of national life were produced by subjective factors—instincts, desires, and emotions—which the mass of men cannot avoid feeling and translating into effective action. The first is *objective* determinism; the second is *subjective* determinism.

Victor Hugo, in describing the French Revolution, expressed the theory of objective determinism. "It seems," he said, "the joint work of grand events and grand individualities mingled, but it is in reality

the result of events. Events dispense, men suffer. Events dictate, men sign. . . . The great and mysterious writer of these grand pages has a name—God; and a mask—Destiny." The new expansionists expressed similar convictions regarding the course of the United States.

Note carefully the following quotations: "destiny and the vast future interests of the United States"; "the logic of irresistible circumstances"; "bonds of commerce and necessity"; "the policy of annexation is the policy of destiny; and destiny always arrives"; "whether they will or no, Americans must now begin to look outward"; American expansion is "natural, necessary, irrepressible"; the opposition fights against "fate, the stars in their courses, and the inevitable westward march of empire"; "the inexorable logic of events has decreed this annexation"; "the evolution of events, which no man could control, has brought these problems upon us."

Perhaps it will be more interesting to connect some of these mystical assertions with the names of the men who made them. William McKinley said the Philippines came to us "in the province of God" by virtue of "His plans and methods for human progress. . . . The march of events rules and overrules human action." Bishop James M. Thoburn attributed the turn of events not to the "deliberate design of the American Government," but "to Providence, another name for God." Charles Denby declared: "Call it destiny, call it the will of God, call it the overruling result of circumstances, call it what you will, it is plain that an overpowering necessity rested upon the commissioners who made the treaty to force on Spain the cession of the islands." John Hay said: "No man, no party can fight with any chance of final success against a cosmic tendency, . . . against the spirit of the age." Albert Beveridge declared: "The Republic could not retreat if it would. . . . For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race,—the most masterful race of history,—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to Divine commands." And Theodore Roosevelt said that the "inevitable march of events gave us the control of the Philippine Islands."

Nevertheless, one may recall that certain American leaders met the course of events more than half-way. Roosevelt ordered, con-

tingently, an attack upon the Philippine Islands before the war with Spain began. McKinley, that pathetic "victim of destiny," deliberately sent an armed expedition to the islands and made inquiries regarding their economic value before signing the peace treaty with Spain. And Americans seized the government of the Hawaiian Islands five years before they were annexed to the United States. Were these men mere puppets of external events and circumstances? Their opponents would say that they were about as much so as any group of men in history who knew what they wanted and carefully laid plans to seize it. One of their partisans, however, offered this defense: "Statesmanship is the art of seeing where God is going and then getting things out of his way."

But perhaps the nation was a robot of subjective determinism. J. A. Hobson says that the "only direct, efficient forces in history are human motives"; and may not these motives spring inevitably from physiological and psychological urges and impulses? So the expansionists of this period seem to say.

Note this statement from Champ Clark: "Fear and greed are elementary in mankind. If either, and especially if both, or higher motives than either, conspire to make an instinctive impulse of American energy to take Hawaii, we will take it. . . . The truth is, the premises and predicates of this Hawaiian matter were put into our Aryan blood at the beginning, with the race instinct of migration and its pervading land hunger." And there was yet more from Clark, on the borderline of *objective* and *subjective* determinism: "Ralph Waldo Emerson said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' When the American flag was made we hitched our national wagon to all the stars, and we have got to go their way. We cannot resist them easily; there is not much American desire to resist." What glorious symbolism! Race instinct hitched to the stars! But Clark now returned to the purely subjective, and asserted that the expansion movement was the result of a "longing for distinction which no scheme of government could root out from the minds of the people individually."

Chauncey Depew asserted that an irrepressible emotional force had seized our people—"a colonial possession desire." "It is in the blood, and no power can stop it." Representative Henry R. Gibson developed the theme further: "Wealth, power, and glory are the

three greatest objects of human ambition. They are the three things for which the Vikings longed two thousand years ago, . . . and these are the three things that have prompted their descendants to brave the seas and storm the lands, following the 'star of empire' as westward it took its way; the old Viking spirit is in the land. It is the controlling spirit of our people. It is bound to have its way. . . ." Representative William M. Stewart discovered an irresistible growth instinct, a "law of growth" which could not be repressed by the nation or its government. Pure instinct, unreflective and urgent, was the view of Doctor H. H. Powers; "the forces that make our destiny come from deep down in the constitution of things and care little for our yea or nea. . . . There is not a people living which would not, if pressure were removed, populate the earth" and "acquire universal dominion." Moreover, Powers declared: "The instincts which control . . . masses of men respond to appropriate stimuli with a regularity that suggests little dependence on argument and deliberation. . . . The consciousness of power as naturally expresses itself in self-assertion as the consciousness of weakness does in submission. . . ." Representative Richard Bartholdt asserted: "It is the law of nature, the human longing for change and for the new, the never latent and irresistible force of progress whose mysterious source is nature itself. The western course of the 'star of empire' is one of its most noted manifestations." Some quoted Brooks Adams with approval, and Adams had said: "At the moment of action, the human being almost invariably obeys an instinct, like an animal; . . . only after action has ceased does he reflect." Others repeated a statement of the British imperialist Seeley: "In a truly living institution the instinct of development is wiser than the utterances of the wisest individual man."

The expansionists possessed the *will to believe* that all these impulses of common men were good. After the war with Spain was over and the United States had been guilty of what Samuel F. Bemis has described as the "great aberration," Albert Beveridge declared: "If anyone cherishes the delusion that American government will ever be withdrawn from our possessions, let him consult the religious conviction of this Christian people. . . . Let him, above all, consider history and study our racial instinct. . . . Our duty of administration of orderly government to weaker peoples will not be abandoned."

"Duty"—that is the word! "Duty," said McKinley, "determines destiny." But, "Who determines Duty?" asked one of the skeptics. McKinley, who said he had talked with his God about the matter, was ready with an answer: "My countrymen, the currents of destiny flow through the hearts of the people." In other words, Duty and Destiny are the same, and the people unerringly discover them both. Through divine inspiration the American people as a whole always arrive at correct moral judgments. Beautiful romanticism worthy of Jean Jacques Rousseau!

After all, the expansionists of 1898 had but one brand of determinism in essence. Some called it Providence; others called it God or Fate. Whatever its name, this overruling power in the universe controlled both external events and the impulses of the American nation, impulses which were righteous because divinely inspired.

But the anti-imperialists were still doubtful. Human affairs seemed to be swayed by a perplexing dualism. Like Job, they were harassed by the problem of Evil. The currents of destiny and of duty did indeed flow through the hearts of the people; that was the only place through which they flowed. Yet the hearts of men were inclined toward iniquity as well as duty. What if this expansionism resulted from wicked hearts and a false sense of duty? It might be that such expansionist impulses were planted by professors, propagandists, and politicians. Mahan and Burgess, Lodge and Hay, Beveridge and Clark, Pulitzer and Hearst—wingéd messengers of Divinity! Some were too blind to see their wings.

An uneasy suspicion that the hearts of the sons of Adam were filled with wickedness must have haunted even the most confident. "Unless ye repent, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This passage from Holy Writ had been heard from a thousand pulpits. But the expansionists who had worked so hard to discover these aggressive impulses in the public mind or else to plant them there, were equally industrious in their efforts to harmonize them with high moral principles. The nation must have what the expansionists wished it to have, what the nation desired or could be induced to desire, and still preserve its ethical self-respect. In a word, the imperialists were now in desperate need of an exalted moral slogan. To a greater degree than most nations, perhaps, the people of the United States are possessed by an idealism which requires such a slogan. And the slogan

was soon found. It was furnished by a resourceful and accommodating Englishman, Rudyard Kipling. "Take up the White Man's Burden!"

III

Kipling's poem was most timely. At the moment of its publication it was becoming painfully manifest to the expansionists and to the whole nation that the fulfilment of their desires could not be left to Fate or Providence. Force would be required. Already it was being used. It was employed in Hawaii as early as 1893. It was used against Spain in 1898. And now the Filipinos revealed a desire for more than freedom from the yoke of the Spaniards. Their leader Emilio Aguinaldo was demanding complete self-government!

This use of force, especially this suppression of the desires of the Filipinos, seemed to be a renunciation of the rights of man which we proclaimed from our cradle. We must not do violence to our principles. We must steadfastly cling to them, and satisfy these unerring impulses of righteous hearts at the same time. By an ingenious exegesis Kipling's verse was made to serve the purpose. "An aggressive temper effected a marriage of convenience with humanitarian sentiment."

The expansionists were groping their way toward this solution of the problem before the poem appeared. They could not deny this aggressive temper, this power impulse. Notice of its existence had already been spread over the *Congressional Record* and on the editorial pages of the newspapers. The *Washington Post*, for instance, had stated boldly: "A new consciousness seems to have come upon us—the consciousness of strength,—and with it a new appetite, a yearning to show our strength. It might be compared with the effect upon the animal creation of the taste of blood. Ambition, interest, land hunger, pride, the mere joy of fighting, whatever it may be, we are animated by a new sensation. We are face to face with a strange destiny. The taste of empire is in the mouth of the people even as the taste of blood in the jungle. It means an imperial policy, the Republic, renaissant, taking her place with the armed nations." The expansionists could not deny the bellicose spirit.

They could, however, give it a better name. Alfred T. Mahan called it the missionary spirit. A Senate committee called it paternal love. Lyman Abbott described it as the "new imperialism, the imperialism of liberty." And McKinley, clinging tenaciously to Prov-

idence and Duty, said: "God has placed upon this Government the solemn duty of providing for the people of these islands a government based upon the principles of liberty no matter how many difficulties the problem may present."

One of the major difficulties presented, of course, was that of obtaining the consent of the Filipinos to the renunciation of self-government. But the expansionists were already cutting a path around this difficulty. Charles Francis Adams said that children should not be given their first chance to swim in water infested by sharks. Sharks and children—the children were the Filipinos; the sharks were perhaps of the German and Japanese variety. McKinley also thought of the Filipinos as children, for he wrote Andrew Carnegie that their opposition was of slight extent, and like the subdued stubbornness of children would soon give way to a better will. On another occasion he also remarked: "Did we need their consent to perform a great act for humanity? We had it in every aspiration of their minds, in every hope of their hearts." And in a proclamation to the Filipino dissenters he wrote that while the strong arm of authority must repress disturbances, its fundamental purpose was "to overcome all obstacles to the bestowal of the blessings of good and stable government . . . under the free flag of the United States." The Americans were not coming as "invaders or conquerors"; they were coming as friends eager to bring the Filipinos "that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the heritage of free peoples." So there were two kinds of freedom, the national liberty of self-government and the freedom of the individual. One would be granted, the other withheld. Yet was it not true that the Founding Fathers fought for both at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown?

Some of the expansionists soon discovered an argument that would justify the denial of self-government to the Filipinos. The word "children" was a forecast. Knute Nelson, descendant of the Vikings, senator from Minnesota, now offered the comforting rationalization. The Filipinos were as yet "unfit for self-government, in the sense that we have it"; the granting of independence to them now would be an act of "the highest cruelty"—nothing less. Representative Gibson sounded an even more positive note: the world had moved onward to a new policy of advancing civilization and Christianity even against the consent of the governed.

Nelson's assertion contained the idea of more or less temporary trusteeship. He said it was proposed to give the Filipinos independence when they were "fit for it." Moreover, Senator Joseph Foraker declared: "I do not know of anybody, from the President of the United States down to his humblest follower in this matter, who is proposing by force and violence to take and hold those islands for all time to come." Yet when an attempt was made to commit the expansionists on this point, they were loath to take the pledge.

This made both the anti-imperialists and the Filipino insurgents more determined, and the outcome grew more uncertain as indignation rose. Would the flag be taken down? "Moronophobia" helped to keep it aloft for a time. Men were afraid of appearing to play the fool. The European powers, it was contended, would not be restrained by such moral scruples regarding Filipino rights, and they would consider us silly. McKinley warned that we were in danger of becoming the "laughing-stock of the world," and Lodge cried, "Humiliation in the eyes of civilized mankind!" But who can say whether that national emblem might not have been hauled down if the idea of the "White Man's Burden" had not appeared among the expansionists in the nick of time?

Enter now Senator Beveridge: The Filipinos are "not capable of self-government. How could they be? They are not of a self-governing race. They are Orientals, Malays, instructed by the Spaniards in the latter's worst estate. . . . Mr. President, this question . . . is elemental. It is racial. God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to overwhelm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savage and senile peoples. Were it not for such a force as this the world would relapse into barbarism and night. And of all our race He has marked the American people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world."

Senator Lodge agreed with Beveridge in respect to the political incapacity of the Filipinos. With his presumably vast knowledge of

history, Lodge affirmed that all human experience was against the possibility of the Malay's every learning to act as a democrat. The Filipino insurgents were now called by their ethnic name; they were Tagalogs. Between the Teutons and the Tagalogs a vast gulf had been fixed—fixed by the hand of Him who had called the universe into existence, given the leopard his spots, given the Malay and the Ethiopian their skins. We might now keep the Philippines forever—nay longer: "forever and a day," said "Uncle Joe" Cannon! And we not only *might*, but we *must*. In this manner we should attain our full national stature, and the Tagalogs, the Samoans, and the Hawaiians would be blessed.

"Take up the White Man's Burden!" It was this slogan and that of inevitable destiny that justified our movement out across the broad Pacific to the gates of China. And these sentimental impulses joined with strategy and economic interest to carry our empire down into the Caribbean and beyond until we were dominating all the canal zones, ruling five protectorates, and denying the right of revolution throughout Latin America.

IV

But this popular phrase, "The White Man's Burden," a phrase which removed the connotation of "oppression" from the word *imperialism*, was merely a figure of speech. It was a type of euphemism that may be designated as *onomanthithesis*, which consists in calling a thing or a characteristic, particularly if it be unpleasant, not by its ordinary name but by the opposite. (One often hears a tall man called "shortie" or a fat man called "slim.") Thus imperialism, which usually suggests the burdening of the races of color by military subjugation and economic exploitation, was called not the colored man's burden but the white man's burden.

Moreover, by a process of wishful exegesis, the real meaning of Kipling's poem was overlooked by almost all save Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, who perhaps went a little too far when he said that the verses were not an *invitation to imperialism* but a *warning against imperialism*. The poem was hardly meant to be that, and yet it contained a pervasive element of defeatism. Kipling did not warn men against taking up the burden; he merely warned them against the hope that they could do the heathen much good. The burden-bearer's aim was the paradoxical one of serving the men of

color in order to exalt himself. Strong men, strong nations, must "have done with childish days"; they must attain moral manhood by some heroic deed of strength and force. In short, the burden must be taken up not because of affection for the nominal beneficiary or optimism with respect to his political potentialities, but because its assumption is the manifest destiny of athletic men and nations.

Senator Lodge finally saw the light, and was ready with some reservations: "I conceive my first duty to be always to the American people. . . . Whatever duty to others might seem to demand, I should pause long before supporting any policy if there were the slightest suspicion that it was not for the benefit of the United States. . . . We make no hypocritical pretense of being interested in the Philippines solely on account of others. While we regard the welfare of these people as a sacred trust, we regard the welfare of the American people first. . . . We believe in trade expansion." And again: "A great nation must have great responsibilities. It is one of the penalties of greatness. But the benefit of responsibilities goes hand in hand with the burdens they bring. The nation which seeks to escape from the burden also loses the benefit. . . ."

By early 1933, however, the burden of the Filipinos had become too heavy. Our position there was seen by some to be a strategic weakness. Others objected to the cost, while certain sugar growers disliked the competition of Philippine sugar, and still others noted Filipino ingratitude, for Senator Robinson of Indiana remarked: "It is a little hard for me to become interested in the argument that we owe the Filipinos a great moral responsibility to stay there and look after them when they constantly order us out. . . ." When dividends ceased, the sacred trust was dropped, although the Hawaiian Islands were still retained mainly because of strategic considerations.

And already we had begun to recede from the Caribbean. Our Marines have now been withdrawn; they no longer occupy the soil of any Latin-American country. The protectorates are being abandoned; intervention has ceased; the right of revolution has been restored; and our Caribbean empire is being rapidly reduced to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the canal zones. The United States, having had its fling with destiny, now seems also to be having its way with destiny. Or were the expansionists, after all, mistaken regarding the direction in which the finger of destiny pointed?

AMERICAN SPEED

CALVIN T. RYAN

ANY CONSIDERATION of the mortality statistics, or of the successful and the unsuccessful suicides, or of the appalling increase in insanity in the United States, should awaken us to the pathological condition that is as alarming as the economic and the social chaos with which we are becoming weary.

Those in a position to speak in those respective fields declare that while the economic unrest has intensified the situation, it is not the whole or the sole cause. Back of the economic and social unrest lies a philosophy of life peculiar to the American people, one that has gradually crept upon us, and one that is now producing a psychosis national in scope.

In a country where God rewarded the industrious and the devil took care of the idle, the philosophy of the strenuous life was peculiarly adaptable. When people regarded idleness as a sin and a crime, punishable by eternal damnation, the heroic soul of indefatigable strength became saintly. Those with pioneer forefathers glorified them and boasted of their hardships. Moreover, the cult of the hero became the cult of the pioneer. Winning the West was a romantic adventure, and showed unmistakably the stuff of which those men and women were made.

It was a day of extremes. The Greek notion of moderation in all things fell on rocky ground, where it fell at all. The good man, the perfect man, was strong physically; he feared neither man nor devil, and believed unquestionably that might made right. Naboth's vineyard became Ahab's property by virtue of superior strength. The Good Life was in the hereafter. Nature was kind to those people, and killed off early those who could not withstand the life. But, sooner or later, nature has the last word, and it seems clear now that it is seeking its Nemesis from all of us.

By the turn of the twentieth century, this adventurous life was sufficiently long in the past to take on a halo of the heroic. It captured the fancy of youth. The strenuous life might no longer be demonstrable by sending Indians to their happy hunting ground, or by kill-

ing wild animals, or in wrestling with nature in its wilder state; nevertheless, it could be demonstrated in the rapidly developing civilized life of industry. College youth went in for the more strenuous sports to fit themselves for the battle to follow. The middle-aged began their daily dozens and joined the newly organized physical education classes. Youth wanted to get fit. Middle-aged wanted to keep fit.

Genuine recreation, Aristotelian leisure, these were unheard of, hence nowhere practiced. There might be an occasional holiday, and some of the men took a week or two and called it a vacation. But in general there was no particular stress placed on leisure that would truly re-create the physical or the mental side of these men who were developing gout, fat stomachs, and high blood pressure. The increase in deaths from heart disease was just beginning. These men did not realize that civilization places a strain on nature, and that the life they were living required a different rebuilding process from that of their pioneer forefathers. Their forefathers were open-air fighters, and they worked and played rhythmically. These grandchildren tried to dispense with the play in order to make more business.

The mathematical formula for keeping in perfect health is eight hours of work, eight hours of sleep, and eight hours of play. Modern conditions do not make the living of the formula very easy, but our forefathers, with all their hard life, approximated the formula more closely than we do. Our attitude toward play is somewhat different from that held by the English businessman. While we have a few country clubs, a few golf greens, a few recreation grounds, we have nothing with such a universal appeal as the Playing Fields of England.

Relaxation and leisure were no parts of the successful businessman's life then, nor is it now with only a few exceptions. There was then, and still is, something emasculating about relaxation and play. It was a hard life, but to pursue it with assiduity was the straight and narrow road to success.

Out of the strenuous life philosophy evolved the go-getter and the now ill-reputed Babbitt. Old Ben Franklin was the original Yankee businessman, and his statesmanship, his philanthropy, was lost sight of in his example of thrift and gospel of hard work. Self-improvement became a mania, and advocates of personality development sprung up like the ancient gourd.

Babbitt retained the strenuous life even after working hours became shorter and traveling more common. As mechanical improvements of office and factory developed and threw their merciless emphasis on speed, the go-getter speeded up his manner of living. Life took on the tempo of the machine. But those caught in this swirl thought nothing of the extra strain on mind and nerves. The tension of their life was never loosened by sheer play. A change became a vacation, a trip was a sign of good business, and attendance at conventions a requirement. Club and social life were sandwiched in during evenings and week-ends. Babbitt kept busy. In the name of service, Babbitt went places and saw things. His contacts had to increase yearly or his business prestige dropped. He became an epicure, and his taste for food became refined.

This philosophy of life has been absorbed by the American people, almost *in toto*. It permeates the life of the clerks and the stenographers. It reaches out and touches the farmer's son and daughter. In America we must keep busy doing something.

This tireless activity of the American is noticed by Europeans. They say we do not know how to let down, how to play. The scheme of leisure, such as we have, is not born with us. We acquire it from the machine age in which we live. Leisure and go-getterism are at opposite ends of our polar existence.

The pathologic effect of such an existence is becoming as noticeable to us as to outsiders. Medical men are warning us. Nowhere else do so many men die of heart disease in middle life as in the United States. Infant mortality has been much lessened. Epidemics and plagues are well under control. Insanitary conditions of yesterday are rapidly disappearing. But speeding up without the required rest periods for regaining of strength is making middle life and premature age a danger zone of existence. The man making his pile with the hope of retiring some day does not retire. He dies. Life hereafter begins in the forties. "As to structure," William Ernest Hocking told us a few years ago, "human nature is undoubtedly the most plastic part of the living world, the most adaptable, the most educable." He says that we can make changes in human nature, but he doubts their durability. He concludes that "With the old material nothing important can be achieved."

Sir Arthur Keith, taking Élie Metchnikoff's theory that the human body was blemished by many imperfections, says that through science we shall find a means of escape from these imperfections, but that we should "not adapt our bodily structures to our mode of living, but our mode of living to our bodily structure."

If we accept the findings of science in the mechanical realms, we should be willing, at least, to check the findings in the realm of man's health and physical well-being.

Of course the machine is here to stay. And wherever we have the machine, whether we use it to speed up production of saleable commodities or to speed up our travel from point to point, we shall have stress on speed. Look through the advertisements of labor-saving devices, whether for the home, the office, the factory, or the farm, and you will find the stress is not on efficiency, but on speed. The strenuous life philosophy of forty years ago has become the philosophy of speed.

The problem here is not how to do more work; not primarily how to get along without work. It is not a defense of idleness, nor a discourse on the blessings of work. It is an effort to show the effect of a dangerous philosophy of life upon a people who are biologically high-strung, who are nursed on material success, and who have the chance of being God's chosen people, but who are about to throw away that chance.

A friend of the writer, a very successful surgeon who has remained human among his many inhuman contacts, said to him, "We talk about the wild animals killing one another, but the human race is just as criminal. In spite of our laws we kill off one another inch by inch." He was not referring to the murderous gangs of our country. He was referring to those who live in the city with him, and with you. He was not referring to the Japanese army invading China. He was referring to church members and club members of our urbanized civilization.

A natural outcome of tense nerves, of dog-eat-dog competition, is to want to kill off our competitors. It taints our Christian notion of brotherly love, but it is a natural condition of the man whose back is against the wall. It is a sad commentary on what purports to be our law-abiding and law-enforcing citizens to say that after all they are

criminals on a smaller scale only. This particular psychosis has made Molochs of otherwise harmless men.

If it is true that we cannot do much with our present material, that it is necessary to start with eugenics, let us do what we can with the old material, for it is the inbreeding that pollutes the fresh stream. The young man or the young woman has no chance to protect himself or herself. The pace is set by those who are already paying the penalty.

There is not very much that modern medical science can do for the heart that has been driven to exhaustion. In that respect it is much like the engine in the automobile. When once it has been abused its only use is for the junk buyer. Although it is possible to do much for mild cases of insanity detected early in the life of the victim, nevertheless, if the disease has passed its incipency there is not much hope. These are facts for us all to see. We have eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not. Man, the psychologists tell us, is the only animal that can learn from the experiences of others. With respect to our own mental and physical welfare, I am not so sure that man is as wise as some of the lower animals which act from instinct only.

If we expect to outlast our civilization, then we shall have to learn to adapt ourselves to the machine age, to the tempo of modern life. The laws of nature are immutable. We can discover them, then adapt ourselves to them. The speed and hurry all about us, we should know, are killing unless we prepare ourselves to cope with them.

To do that will not mean mere shortening of working hours. Man can stand a great deal of work, if he is careful with his leisure time. The quest for thrills, the human disquietude which Lewisohn says keeps us poised for flight but with no place to fly, are characteristic of the nervous temperament, and of the person whose nerves are never relaxed.

We have declared ourselves against the whole Greek notion of poise and moderation in all things. Notwithstanding this declaration we shall have to pay the price of our untoward ways. And we are doing it by sacrificing the best men in the best part of their life. It is no glory to a nation to have to shelve its workers when they reach forty. The cost of preparation for the individual is too great. The cost to industry to break in a new man is too great.

The Greek idea of leisure was not merely a time in which a man did nothing. It is unfortunate that we have not acquired the true Greek idea; namely, that leisure is a time in which a person can do what he really likes to do. Our popular notion is that leisure means either vicious idleness, or time wasting in the sense of harmful pastime.

As modern society is constructed, all the men employed on a particular piece of work are supposed to do the same amount of work. Men are in many respects like the cars they drive, or like the horses their forefathers used to work. This car has so many horsepower units. This one over here has half or two-thirds as many. To expect both to do the same work is to expect the impossible. Out of necessity I drove a four-cylinder car long after the eight-cylinder was on the road. I presume I was a nuisance on the highway. That was from the other fellow's point of view, of course. From my own, I found it embarrassing to have my car "wide open" and yet to be unable to prevent the easy passing of the eight-cylinder car.

Mentally and physically we are all given so many horsepower units. If my horsepower is only two-thirds of that of the man who works with me, I cannot do so much work as he can. What is more, I will wear out sooner, because I will use up more energy in doing what I do, possibly working harder to try to keep up with the stronger man. In modern life I am expected to do what the best man in my field can do, and if I cannot, I have to step aside and let some one else try it.

Modern civilization, may I repeat, is antagonistic toward nature. We keep on trying to make nature yield to us, and we invariably lose in our efforts. Adaptation to nature is going to mean more rest, more relaxation, more idleness better spent.

And why not? When were natural conditions better suited for this change in living conditions? We in the United States command more physical power than does any other nation. Reckoned in horsepower, we command about thirteen horsepower per person, or reckoned in slave power, we have 325 slaves per person; whereas England has only 100 slaves per person, and the ancient nations had only two slaves per person. But sixty years ago, we find that the United States commanded only one-half horsepower per person, or twelve slave power. That is, we can let up; we can say to our soul, "Take thy ease."

For relieving tense nerves, for forgetting one's worries there is nothing comparable with play. Naturally, even in play, we shall find individual differences. We do not all play alike, or need to play alike. "I have never been able to think very much about my troubles when I have been out hunting birds," said a sportsman friend of mine.

Much of the more serious pathological condition found in the various social and economic levels of the United States, it seems to me, can be traced to the beguiling philosophy of the strenuous life. This is a businessman's civilization—of that we are constantly reminded. If the businessman, therefore, chooses to ignore the retributive justice of nature, the warning of the scientists, and of the philosophers of all time, then he must take the consequences.

THE FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

I

IT TOOK years of bungling attempts at private charity and local administration of relief before it was realized that unemployment was a collective problem which must be solved on a national scale, if it was to be solved at all. In place of the old impracticable policy of direct relief, a works program was instituted. The Emergency Relief Appropriation Act, passed in 1935, made possible the creation of the Works Progress Administration. Some provision, however, had to be made for the white-collar workers, who were also seriously affected by the depression. They were used to gather data in the field of social science, to discover and report significant facts about unemployment, housing conditions, occupational diseases, wages, income, profits, and so on, which would help to explain the causes of our chronic economic breakdowns.

It took some time before the W.P.A. decided to come to the rescue of unemployed and destitute writers. The Federal Writers' Project was established. At last, the writer was recognized as a professional worker entitled to the right of earning a decent livelihood. So far, this "creative" experiment conducted by the Federal Government has proved on the whole a sound and fruitful investment. Not only has it awakened the people to a sense of their cultural resources and potentialities; it has salvaged the writer by restoring his professional dignity and pride. As Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, Director of the W.P.A., declares hopefully in his book, *Spending to Save*: "This renaissance of the arts, if we can call it a rebirth when it has no precedent in our history, was perhaps due to arrive through the suffering and discipline of these recent years. It certainly betokens a deep spiritual change and re-estimate of what is valuable in American life."

When the Federal Government became the patron saint of literature and art, a new order of things emerged. Writers were sustained by the knowledge that the creative spirit had found a home in America. For how can talent ripen when the writer is without economic security, when he is faced with dire need and the painful sus-

picion that neither he nor his work is wanted? As a member of the Federal Writers' Project he was not only saved from starvation; he was enabled to earn a livelihood without abandoning his interests and activities as a writer. Not only writers, but musicians, dramatists, architects, actors, and reporters were put on the payroll—an innovation that is bound to exert a tremendous influence on the future cultural development of this country. By starting the Federal Writers' Project, America committed itself to a program of cultural as well as economic rehabilitation.

Whether the present administration is aware of it or not, it is engaging in an experiment which is more revolutionary in its implications than many of its ambitious building and reclamation projects. Externally the construction and conservation program seems far more impressive. Monumental structures, schools, museums, libraries, dams, flood control, forest conservation, these are all important and useful contributions to the material welfare of the country; they mark the first tentative stages in developing the "science" of social planning. But the things of the spirit generally have a more lasting memorial. While the visible signs of material progress are often accepted as a matter of course, posterity accords high honor to the cultural bequest of a period. The government has entered upon a task of cultural renewal which may have far-reaching consequences. When it first ventured into this business of subsidizing the arts, it had no conception of the size of the undertaking or the profound changes it would inaugurate. The Federal Writers' Project was originally nothing more than a relief measure, but it has grown of its own momentum into something far more complex and vital. First of all, it has demonstrated that the government can effectively promote cultural and creative activities. If subsidies are granted to commerce and industry, why not to literature and art? Secondly, the Federal Writers' Project has given the writer an official status. If he is assured of economic security, his principal handicap is overcome; after that, he must consult his own genius and inclination, and there is no limit to what he can attempt or accomplish. Thirdly, the Federal Writers' Project, together with the other creative projects, will gradually tend to make literature and art an integral part of the national life.

At present it is hard to realize what valuable projects can be com-

pleted when the literary forces of the country are mobilized for a common purpose. Economic need has taught many of the writers a bitter but salutary lesson: they have found that the writer, like the laborer, is an inseparable part of the social organism, affected by its illness, profiting by its health. They have begun to re-examine their function as writers and their relation to society as it exists today and as it must be shaped and changed for the future. Their work on the Federal Writers' Project, which represents an impressive example of collective effort and energy, has helped to explode the romantic notion of the genius as someone solitary, irresponsible, and unique. It is now clear that much good work can be done by an intelligent pooling of resources.

Writers are paid the prevailing security wage set by the W.P.A. The majority of the workers on the Federal Writers' Project are employed as skilled workers and receive corresponding compensation. For professional writers the security wage is \$103.50 per month. Professional writers in New York City, for example, receive that amount. In smaller communities the salary is approximately \$50.00 per month.

The first task was to select a project which would be intrinsically valuable. *The American Guide* seemed the ideal solution. There was an urgent need for a work of this description. It had the additional advantage of avoiding controversial themes and issues. Besides this, the Federal Government organized a project for reporters who could not obtain private employment. The Federal Reporting Project served the purpose of reporting the progress made on projects operated by the Works Progress Administration: roads, building construction, reservoirs, dams, reclamation, and so forth. In this way was work provided for writers, work of a socially useful character, work which would familiarize them with the social and economic realities of their immediate and national environment.

II

It is one of the ironies of our history that it took a severe economic crisis to open our eyes to the desirability of organizing a Federal Writers' Project. When a state guidebook, which had been tried as an experiment, proved a success, President Roosevelt approved of

the project of a national guidebook. The research workers on *The American Guide* have uncovered a huge wealth of material: folk traditions, historical lore, documentary materials, interesting information, sectional and national, of the most diverse kind. By stimulating interest in the communal traditions and achievements of the past, these explorations may encourage the production of a literature that is regional in content and national in outlook. In any event, the material that has been gathered and whipped into shape was not easily available. Now practically every section of our country has been, or is being, minutely studied and surveyed.

The guidebook prepared for the state of Idaho is a striking illustration of what the Federal Writers' Project in one state can do. A panoramic history of Idaho, it gathers together not only all the available and noteworthy published material on the subject, but also much that is new, the product of industrious research. The first chapter, "An Essay in Idaho History," debunks many of the false and exaggerated notions held concerning the frontiersmen. Soberly steering a middle course, the contributors to this volume indicate that no extreme generalization concerning the pioneers is trustworthy. Carefully documented, impartially told, the saga of exploration and settlement unfolds: the exploitation of fur-bearing animals, the betrayal of the helpless, maligned Indians. The chapters that deal with "Ghost Towns" and "A Few Tall Tales" possess both historical and literary interest.

Another attractive publication, compiled by the Delaware Federal Writers' Project, is *New Castle on the Delaware*, which contains historical data of a local nature as well as a number of fine illustrations. The most ambitious volume produced so far is the one on Washington, D. C. *Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People*, since it is comprehensive in scope and has aroused controversial discussion, deserves brief consideration. It furnishes a synoptic view of the history, background, development, and scenery of the state, so rich in historical and literary associations, so generous in its giving of great men. The book, presenting as it does a mass of relevant facts concerning the state, its towns and cities, together with maps, illustrations, and statistics, must have involved an enormous expenditure of labor. Though it is chock-full of curious and revealing bits of infor-

mation, it is not encyclopedic in character; it is meant, of course, to meet the needs of the tourist, but it does far more than that—it contains many interesting bypaths in the fields of literature, politics, industry, and art.

Sufficient has been said to indicate that these state guides are not mere deadwood. They fulfill a definite need. The various departments of the Federal Writers' Project are producing excellent material intelligently co-ordinated. The guidebook for New York State, which will soon be published, promises to be a mammoth-sized production. About eight to ten million words were submitted. So much more material was gathered than could be included in the state guide that three separate local guides have already been issued: one on Poughkeepsie, one on Albany, and one on Rochester. Thus *The American Guide* is rapidly carrying out the objective originally set for it, that of presenting to the American people a portrait of its past.

The American Guide, however, is but one of numerous projects undertaken by the Federal Writers' Project. Indeed, many pages would be required to list and describe all the projects, creative and cultural, scholarly and statistical, completed by the Federal Writers' Project, not to mention those published by various other departments under the auspices of the W.P.A. For example, there is the National Research Project which has recently published an interesting study of the mechanical cotton picker and its effect on social and economic conditions. Another ambitious project, directed by the Federal Writers' Project, is designed to gather data on the governmental duties and functions of one hundred and ninety-one cities. Only published documents and reports will be utilized, though copies will be made, when necessary, of important material not in print. The assembled data will be turned over to the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce; a municipal reference library and information service will then be established for the use of municipal officers and research students. One might also mention the *Stories of New Jersey*, prepared for use in public schools, as well as *An Anthology of Negro Poetry*, which includes the work of about fifty poets. Of special interest is the volume, *Who's Who in the Zoo*, completed by the Federal Writers' Project in New York City, a book designed for the layman who plans to visit a large zoological garden. Another study

by the same unit is *The Italians of New York*, the first of a series of nationality survey books, edited by the Racial Group.

There can be no continuity of tradition unless a nation takes pride in preserving the records and memorials of the past. American communities have been culpably careless in this respect. Whatever work of preservation has been done is due largely to the efforts of historical societies and university libraries in various cities, which have made a consistent effort to provide a safe and accessible resting place for documentary material that may later prove to be extremely valuable. The healthy growth of a national culture depends in part on this sense of kinship with what has gone before, an awareness of the rich foreground. Great care must be taken to safeguard the records of each county, each township, for no one can determine in advance what items of useful information they may offer to the scholars and interpreters of the future. That is why the labor spent by the W.P.A. in preparing an inventory of state, local, and other non-federal records is of the highest possible significance. That project is now nearing completion. In many cases, it was found that county records had been left in almost complete neglect. Hired on the basis of need, workers examined and indexed the records in nearly half of the 3,066 counties in the United States as well as examining the records of 5,400 cities and towns and more than 20,000 churches. Every state in the Union, including the District of Columbia, was swept by this dragnet of research. What treasures this exhaustive research has unearthed it is still too soon to say, but we know that it has saved from loss or destruction tens of thousands of original documents which contain the social history of American community life. A dramatic incident is furnished by what happened in southern Indiana, where about two hundred thousand pages of early records were reproduced by means of microphotography. Soon after this was done, the floods practically destroyed most of these precious original records. The history of the past has been illuminated by this patient labor of research.

III

From the start, the Federal Writers' Project was subjected to severe attacks from various quarters. The depression had created an unprecedented situation, more complex, more urgent, perhaps, than

any that had ever confronted the leaders of this nation. Were waste, inefficiency, costly mistakes, bureaucratic friction, bungling, boondoggling, bound to accompany this formidable task of renewing our democratic culture and at the same time saving our writers from want and despair? The administration had to overcome serious, widespread opposition on the part of outraged taxpayers who saw hard-earned money being poured recklessly—so it seemed to them—down the drain of worthless artistic projects. Would this wildcat dabbling in literary and art projects, they asked, help to promote the public welfare or solve the unemployment problem? The government, it was alleged, was unwarrantably interfering in affairs which were none of its concern. The upshot of such fantastic and quixotic philanthropy would be parasitism, improvidence, and bankruptcy.

The charges most frequently leveled against the Federal Writers' Project were, first, that it was encouraging boondoggling, a term of ridicule coined to describe labor that possessed no utilitarian value. Secondly, it was competing with and therefore damaging private business. Thirdly, it did not bring in a sufficient return in hard cash. Fourthly, it was being used for insidious purposes of radical propaganda. Finally, it was deliberately designed as a propaganda machine to advertise the New Deal and enhance the prestige of the administration. Ignoring as far as possible this barrage of hostile criticism, the administration went ahead with its plans. Some of the critics were gradually confounded by the quality (and also the quantity) of the work produced. Order emerged out of chaos. The revenue was coming in, though not in the tangible form of dollars and cents.

A few civic organizations have made it their business to snipe at the administration plans, to question the fitness of the personnel engaged on these projects, and to publish charges of waste and gross mismanagement. Mr. Ralph M. Easley, Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation, has sent numerous letters to the President, stressing this or that instance of inefficiency—letters which were carefully publicized. As a self-appointed American patriot, his favorite theme of discourse is that the Federal Writers' Project is controlled by Communists, that a large number of professional "red" agitators are on the payroll. Many persons who had never published a line, he maintained, were employed as professional

writers. Finally, he insisted that these projects were altogether unproductive.

These accusations, however unsupported, could not be left unanswered. In a letter to *The New York Times*, Mr. Henry G. Alsberg, Director of the Federal Writers' Project, refuted the charges made by Mr. Easley. Mr. Alsberg emphasized the fact that the Federal Writers' Project had been exceptionally productive. By July, 1937, it had already put out more than one hundred publications. And many more books, large and small, were scheduled for publication in the near future; over two hundred books, a total of more than twenty million words, would be issued. It is a revealing commentary on the precarious state in which the Federal Writers' Project finds itself that it must justify its existence by citing figures and stressing quantity. The truth is that the quality of the work produced so far has been surprisingly high. Many of the books have sold well. *Washington: City and Capitol*, for example, was on the recommended list of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

But the most impressive defence, because it came from a group of writers not in any way affiliated with the Federal Writers' Project, was made by the League of American Writers, which published an open letter of protest, signed by the officers and executive officers, including Van Wyck Brooks, Erskine Caldwell, Malcolm Cowley, Upton Sinclair, and others. After reviewing the facts that Mr. Alsberg had presented, the letter went to say:

"This huge output is certainly convincing evidence of the talents and industry that are to be found on the project, and completely answers the unfounded charges of 'boondoggling.' On the whole, the writers co-operating on the project are admirably fulfilling their task of presenting America with a detailed portrait of itself.

"The League of American Writers fully indorses the work of the Federal Writers' Project. The vast amount of research into American life and history carried out by project workers is an invaluable asset to those creative workers—writers, musicians, artists—dealing with the cultural materials of the country. No other group has had the means to undertake this very important task.

"Furthermore, not only are many newspapermen and writers dependent upon the continued functioning of the project for their social

and economic welfare, but their lives have been rehabilitated from the earlier ravages of the depression, and have been given a new, socially valuable significance. We, therefore, urge that full recognition be given by the administration to the accomplishments of the Federal Writers' Project, and that such a valuable undertaking be given long life."

It is obviously difficult to please a public composed of groups with different interests, ideals, traditions, and beliefs, especially when the public feels it is in the position of employer, patron, critic, and efficiency expert, all in one. For example, when the story of Paterson, New Jersey, was published by the Federal Writers' Project, it was immediately assailed by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city as puerile and inadequate; he was so incensed he demanded that it be omitted from the state guidebook. Of a more serious nature was the indignant protest voiced by Governor Hurley when the guidebook on Massachusetts proved definitely pro-labor in its sympathies and implied that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. He grew purple with wrath; this was a blot on the escutcheon of the state; it was the insidious work of alien agitators who should be instantly dismissed. Former Governor Ely insisted that the whole edition be burned on Boston Commons.

But the Federal Writers' Project was faced with internal as well as external difficulties. Now that the writer was earning a livelihood, he was not going to give it up without a bitter struggle. Whenever attempts were made by the Federal Government to cut expenditures to the bone, an angry, organized chorus of protest was heard. Dedicated to the task of defending the interests of relief workers is the militant organization, the Workers Alliance of America, which argues that not enough money is being appropriated for relief, and secondly, that no worker should be dropped from the rolls of the W.P.A. until he has been absorbed by private industry. Before Congress adjourned at the end of the last session, the Workers Alliance staged a march on Washington, the purpose of which was to have all discharged W.P.A. workers unable to obtain private employment restored to the rolls. Pickets with placards marched back and forth before public buildings. Parades were held, agitation was rife. The Workers Alliance came back from Washington with a moral victory—the statement that

neither the President nor the Works Progress Administrator regarded further dismissals from the W.P.A. as necessary.

IV

Some critics have asked impatiently: What has all this to do with creative literature? The Federal Writers' Project, they point out, is a temporary relief agency; it lends a helping hand to writers who in times of distress are unable to fend for themselves. The best writers will not be found in it for the simple reason that they have not been reduced to the point of asking for help. Indeed, a few critics have gone so far as to question the value of the Federal Writers' Project. As if to satisfy these carping critics and refute their charge of incompetence, a number of writers decided to publish an anthology, *American Stuff*, consisting of prose and verse contributed by members of the Federal Writers' Project together with sixteen prints by the Federal Art Project. Fifty writers were thus afforded an opportunity to display their talent. They had done valuable work in compiling guide-books; they had produced, in many cases, distinguished literary work of their own; this was their collective début as writers standing on their own merit, without the imprimatur or assistance of the Federal Government. A varied collection of short stories, poems, ballads, and songs, *American Stuff* presents a realistic picture of the economic struggle in America, especially as it affects the proletariat. Some of the writers represented in this anthology are already well known: men like Nathan Asch, Harry Kemp, Edwin Björkman, and John Lomax. Other prominent writers who have worked for the Federal Writers' Project are Maxwell Bodenheim, Claude McKay, Jack Conroy, Conrad Aiken, and Samuel Putnam.

In his review of the collection, *American Stuff*, Mr. Ralph Thompson, of *The New York Times*, raises an interesting controversial issue. After reading this volume, he was more than ever convinced that no writer can ever be considered unemployed. It is unreasonable, he argues, to speak of unemployed authors. One writes primarily for one's self, not for a salary. Work that is excellent and enduring is not produced at command. Not that the Federal Writers' Project, he hastens to add, is a bad plan, but it cannot possibly succeed in the field of creative writing. The scope of its work must necessarily be limited to factual material, to themes of the kind suggested by *The American Guide*. The market for the work of able writers, he

maintains, is still wide open. Depressions do not have the effect of closing the doors to genuine literary talent.

The only reply one can make to this argument is that the original aim of the Federal Writers' Project was not to turn out creative work. It was intended to provide fairly satisfactory economic conditions for the writer so that he might have the security, the minimum leisure, the confidence in his own powers, necessary for the production of creative stuff. What Mr. Thompson fails to consider is the possibility of a subsidized literary bureau, under Federal and democratic auspices, which will retain a large measure of autonomy and thus encourage the production of original work for which there is no commercial market. There is no reason why, if a writer is able to produce work of merit under the stress of competition, he should not succeed at least equally well under government auspices. No psychology is as yet sufficiently exact to determine what a man will or will not do under given circumstances. But it is fair to assume that a writer, all things being equal, will, if talented and productive, create better and more work when fed than when hungry, that economic security will furnish a finer incentive than the dull misery of unemployment and want. It is in this sense that the Federal Writers' Project may be considered a nursery of talent. What the ultimate value of the Federal Writers' Project will be remains to be seen.

The desire on the part of the administration to avoid writings on controversial social, political, and economic subjects, is understandable. Writers in need of work relief may be imbued with radical ideas and sentiments, and there is no doubt that some of them are. Whether they are or not, it would put the government in an anomalous position to pay writers for work intended to undermine the existing political system. This limitation, nevertheless, is a serious drawback on the full-blooded functioning of the Federal Writers' Project. The work the writers produce is collective and anonymous, impersonal, factual, informative, sometimes colorless. It is lacking in individuality, variety, dynamic interest, the pulsations of faith. Employed chiefly on *The American Guide*, the writers can gather important data and present it as attractively as possible, but they cannot be blamed if they fail to take great personal interest in the project. It is a pity that some means could not be found of enlisting the enthusiasm, the individual talent, the originality, and beliefs of the writers employed.

Is there any valid reason why projects of an individual and original nature, as well as projects meant to satisfy community needs, could not have been approved? After all, the Federal Theater Project is not hamstrung by such restrictions; many plays of a radical cast, plays of social protest, plays dealing with the theme of industrial oppression, have been produced. The policy followed by magazines, the editors of which state that they are not responsible for the opinions or views expressed by their contributors, could have been adopted by the administrators of the Federal Writers' Project. If the Federal Writers' Project is to achieve its purpose not only of preserving the independence and integrity of the writer but also of encouraging the production of literature in the larger and nobler sense, then it must provide free rein for the imagination. Writers should be permitted to suggest and undertake plans for books and pamphlets other than those of an officially approved nature. The Federal Writers' Project can in this way function like the committee that sits in judgment on applications for the Guggenheim Fellowship, which seeks to promote research in scholarship and creative contributions in the arts.

v

Judged solely by the work it has thus far accomplished, the Federal Writers' Project has been a decided success. It has achieved fine results. There is need for a permanent organization of this kind; there are records to be gathered, classified, and preserved; files to be ransacked; newspapers to be examined and indexed; state and local archives to be inspected; valuable documents of all sorts to be listed; co-operative tasks of research to be undertaken. Much of this is sheer hackwork, dull and distasteful. Certainly it is not creative, but it provides a source of income for the writer without depriving him altogether of leisure (he works only thirty hours a week) or destroying his professional dignity. The Federal Writers' Project binds men of diverse talents and temperaments into an efficiently functioning unit co-operating on some common, socially useful task. Nor is special talent unrecognized. Writers who display any marked ability are assigned to tasks that are congenial and for which they are fitted.

Aside from the economic benefits it confers, the Federal Writers' Project is psychologically beneficial. It relieves the writer of a tremendous financial worry. Possessed of a job, he can retain his self-

respect. He can point to the fact that his professional status is recognized. Free from the strain of economic need, he can go ahead with creative plans of his own: the great American novel he hopes to write, the epic poem of the pioneers, the metropolis, and the machine, the play that will put Eugene O'Neill's work in the shade.

Is it not clear that before the writer can function fruitfully, he must feel at home in the society amidst which he lives. Whether or not he accepts this society as desirable, he must be sustained by the organic conviction that his work matters, that its merit will ultimately be acknowledged. But he can find a place for himself in the community only on the condition that he be permitted to exist. His economic needs must in some rational manner be satisfied. He can, of course, try to adopt some other form of employment and thus provide for his immediate material wants, but that may prove destructive of his plans and hopes as a writer. That way lies pessimism, a weary and perhaps cynical resignation, a repudiation of his literary aims and aspirations. Critics like Mr. Thompson maintain that excellent work will eventually get itself published and receive its due meed of praise, but this type of faith, while justified in the long run, is of little help and less consolation to the writer struggling under the crushing handicap of poverty, unemployment, acute need. Small wonder then that he loses heart and sacrifices as futile and visionary whatever ideas as a writer he once entertained.

It is interesting to speculate on how the law of compensation operates. So far as the arts and letters in America are concerned, the depression has proved a boon. Never before in the history of America has the Federal Government manifested such a positive, paternal interest in the flowering of the arts. The Federal Writers' Project has fulfilled a definite communal need. Whether or not it produces work of high and lasting significance, works of "genius," is, once more, beside the point. It is an experiment which has made a notable contribution in quickening and enriching the cultural life of this country. It has constructed a laboratory in which the writer can test his latent powers; he is, moreover, having an audience prepared for him, an educated, intelligent, and responsive audience. If not allowed to die prematurely, the Federal Writers' Project may well be the means of releasing the spiritual and cultural resources of this land and thus bringing about a memorable literary awakening.

BEN TILLMAN DISFRANCHISED THE NEGRO*

WILLIAM ALEXANDER MABRY

OF ALL THE Southern states, South Carolina probably suffered most from the evils of Reconstruction. For eight years "black and tan" legislatures squandered the taxpayers' money, and untrained Negroes made mockery of high political offices. At length, the day of reckoning came. In 1876 the native whites, led by Wade Hampton and his "Red Shirts," ousted the "carpetbaggers," "scalawags," and their Negro allies from control of the state government. The Democratic party was once more in the ascendancy, and the state was considered "redeemed." But actually there were many problems which remained to be solved.

One of the troublesome heritages of Reconstruction was Negro suffrage. Native white public opinion overwhelmingly condemned the enfranchisement of the ex-slaves, yet both the state and federal constitutions guaranteed to the Negro political equality with the white man. The situation was further complicated during the hectic campaign of 1876. In desperation, Wade Hampton, former Confederate cavalry commander but then candidate for governor, openly appealed to the Negroes for support and promised to respect their political rights. Numbers of Negroes did desert the tottering Republican regime and join the Democratic party. Thus, while "Radical" Republican control in the state was ended, Negro voting continued.

White South Carolina did not propose, under any circumstances, to permit a return of Reconstruction conditions. Some Negroes might continue to vote but never enough to endanger Democratic supremacy. If Negro suffrage could not be destroyed immediately, it could and must be controlled—by fair means or foul. Systematic and ingenious evasion of the Fifteenth Amendment followed. The state was gerrymandered in such a way as to insure white control of the legislature, and the legislature, in turn, enacted complicated election laws which

* This article is based on "The Disfranchisement of the Negro in the South," the author's doctoral dissertation in history, accepted by the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Duke University in 1933.

might be used to cut down the Negro vote. South Carolina's "Eight Box Law" of 1882 was the model for much similar legislation in other Southern states. Democratic officials who manned the polls soon learned all the tricks of the trade and could truthfully say to the Negroes: "You may outvote us but we can outcount you." Where trickery was not sufficient, economic pressure and even threats of physical violence were used against those Negroes who insisted on voting the Republican ticket. The whole system was dependent upon continued political unity among the whites and was, of course, tainted with fraud. Nevertheless, for many years it worked, and the end seemed to justify the means.

The "Bourbon" old-guard, content with the preservation of white control in the state, tended to rest on its oars. Then came the agrarian ferment of the late 1880's. Farmers throughout the South and West turned to their state governments for help in the fight against economic depression. In several states this resulted in the organization and triumph of the Populist or farmers' party. The South Carolina farmers, however, did not need to overthrow the Democratic party; they simply captured it. In the struggle to dethrone the "Bourbons" and establish the control of the "Reformers" in the state Democratic organization, one figure stood out in bold relief. That man was Benjamin Ryan Tillman.

"Pitchfork" Ben Tillman was born in the District of Edgefield, South Carolina, in 1847. The son of a middle-class innkeeper and an ambitious mother of aristocratic extraction, he inherited both a capacity for leadership and an understanding of the common man and his problems. Perhaps it might be said also that he acquired during his early years a certain amount of that hostility toward the Negro which characterized the "up-country" whites among whom he lived. This feeling was certainly accentuated by the experiences of Reconstruction. As a member of the Sweetwater Saber Club, he took an active part in the restoration of "white supremacy" in his home community.

Having become influential as an agrarian organizer in the 1880's, Tillman assumed the leadership of the Reform movement in politics. With the backing of the farmers, he relentlessly charged the incumbent administration with "dishonesty, corruption, and perjury" and

made a bid for the gubernatorial nomination of 1890. The Tillmanites succeeded in overcoming the Conservative opposition in the Democratic convention, and Ben Tillman became the official Democratic candidate for governor.

Dissatisfaction over the party's choice was soon quite apparent. Stung by Tillman's rebukes to his class, A. C. Haskell, lawyer and bank president, decided to run for governor on an Independent ticket. The Haskellites claimed to be the real successors of the "Wade Hampton Democrats." Not all the Conservatives followed Haskell, and Tillman was elected by a considerable majority. But few if any Conservatives really approved of Tillman and his policies. Thus the solid "white man's party" in South Carolina was rent in twain. There were now Tillman Democrats and Anti-Tillman Democrats—Reformers and Conservatives.

This division of the whites brought the Negro back into political prominence. Haskell, in his desire to defeat Tillman in 1890, appealed to the Negroes for their support and promised them "fair play." Tillman was keenly displeased with his opponent's bid for the Negro vote and promptly, after his inauguration as governor, set to work to bring about the disfranchisement of that race which he already resented as the political equal of the whites. He urged the legislature to pass a "Jim Crow" car bill, to call a constitutional convention to disfranchise the Negro, and to reapportion the congressional districts so as to prevent the election of any Negro congressman from South Carolina. But the legislature was not yet subservient to Tillman, and rejected all of his propositions.

Tillman was re-elected governor in 1892, and had the fullest cooperation of the new legislature. His friends held the whip in both houses; Cole L. Blease was the leader of the house of representatives, and John Gary Evans commanded the administration forces in the senate. Behind Blease and Evans was a Tillmanite majority ready to do the bidding of the governor. Consequently, one of the first actions of the legislature of 1892 was the passage of a bill calling for a popular referendum, at the next general election in 1894, on the question of holding a constitutional convention.

The convention issue was now dropped until shortly before the November election of 1894. On September 19, 1894, the Reform

Democrats assembled in Columbia, to map out plans for the coming campaign. Directing the administration forces were Governor Tillman and J. L. M. Irby, a staunch Tillmanite who had succeeded to Wade Hampton's seat in the United States Senate in 1890. Though still professing to be Democrats, the Tillmanites showed their true color by endorsing the Ocala platform of the national Populist party. The Reformers ardently championed the calling of the constitutional convention and urged all Democrats, whether Reformers or Conservatives, to support this measure.

The Conservatives, however, tended to oppose the holding of a convention. They were not disposed to stand by and let Tillman and his faction rewrite the state constitution if such could be avoided. J. C. Hemphill, Conservative editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, said: "It is a serious matter at any time to change the entire fundamental law of the state—it would be most dangerous to the life, liberty, and property of the state to change it at the election next month . . . because it is of the most doubtful expediency, because it would subject the taxpayers of the state to a very heavy expense. . . . There is surely no reason why any qualified colored voter in the state should cast his ballot in favor of a constitutional convention, but on the contrary there is reason why every colored voter, who is qualified to vote should cast his ballot against the convention."

The fight between the two Democratic factions was a bitter one. The Tillmanites accused the Conservatives of appealing to the Negro vote, denounced the existing constitution as a "radical rag" foisted on the state during Reconstruction, and did not hesitate to use their control over the election machinery in the convention cause. The Democratic State Executive Committee, of which Senator Irby was chairman, sent out to the county committees only ballots printed, "Convention—Yes." No opposition ballots were distributed. The Conservatives sent up a howl, but the Irby organization retorted that the Democratic party had gone on record as favoring the calling of a convention and that it was up to the Republicans and Independents to furnish the opposition ballots.

The election on November 6 resulted in another victory for the Tillman forces. Ben Tillman was elevated to the seat formerly held by General M. C. Butler in the United States Senate, and John Gary

Evans, the Tillman choice, was elected governor. The convention proposition was carried by the rather slim margin of two thousand votes. Many Tillmanites as well as Conservatives were afraid of what a "disfranchising" constitution might do to the illiterate white vote. Tillman had given his followers little specific information regarding what he proposed to do about the suffrage. When asked by a reporter, shortly before the election, how the convention would disfranchise the Negro, Tillman had replied: "That's my secret. Let the people of the state . . . trust me. Let them vote for the convention. The time to discuss the method of reducing the Negro majority is after the convention has been called." Such a retort was not very satisfactory.

The Conservatives refused to concede that the Tillmanites had honestly won the election. Dr. Pope asserted that he, not Evans, was the rightful governor of South Carolina and that "a constitutional convention has been called through fraud of the blackest character." On the day after the election, the *Charleston News and Courier* proclaimed in bold headlines: "A Machine Election. White Men Cheat White Men in South Carolina." However, the *News and Courier* soon joined the movement for ballot reform on the ground that something was necessary to prevent a recurrence of what had just happened.

Moreover, it was quite apparent that it would be foolhardy for the two Democratic factions to enter the constitutional convention determined to knife each other. Continued strife within the party might lead to a recurrence of Negro rule. A group of moderate Tillmanites and Conservatives in the legislature, who called themselves the "Forty Reformers," started a movement looking toward the election of members of the convention on a nonpartisan basis. Hemphill heartily backed this program, and his newspaper carried the following appeal: "Those in both factions who would avert the catastrophe of an appeal to the Negro for control of the Convention must come shoulder to shoulder at once. Let white men from the mountains to the sea combine to make our convention and the new constitution a bond and seal of reunion between the white men of South Carolina."

Ben Tillman withheld his blessings from the "Forty Reformers."

He could not forget the fight which the Conservatives had so recently made against the convention, and the rather precipitate action of the moderates of his own faction he regarded as insubordination. Consequently, Chairman Irby recommended the choosing of delegates to the convention by means of a Democratic primary. There the factions could settle their scores.

The continuance of the quarrel within the Democratic party spurred the Republicans to action. Their State Executive Committee met in Columbia on February 6, 1895, and issued an address which asserted that the forthcoming convention was called "for the expressed purpose of disfranchising them [the Negroes] forever and leaving them entirely helpless at the mercy of men who have shown every disposition to invade their rights, blast their hopes and to crush all their modest aspirations." The address continued: "We are simply asking that Republicans and Negroes be spared the right to exist as citizens. . . . The cries of 'white supremacy' and Negro rule are simply exhausted bugaboos which will frighten no man who thinks and are used only by shallow politicians for purposes of deceit."

A few days later a Negro convention met in Columbia and called on the members of their race to "register to a man" and to "vote for any set of men regardless of their party name, who are in favor of an honestly managed government and opposed to radical, class, or impractical measures being encouched in the new Constitution." Obviously the Republicans were willing to co-operate with any group of Democrats which would oppose Tillman and his plan of disfranchisement.

But the Republican overtures to the Conservative Democrats fell flat. The *News and Courier* promptly carried an answer to the Negro address: "Are all or a majority of the white people of South Carolina ready to rally round the polls, cheek by jowl with our colored fellow citizens, on a footing of perfect equality and choose the best men for the convention, regardless of color or political prejudice? Certainly not! . . . Let the convention be a white man's convention out and out, elected and supported by the white people of the state. We can trust white men to do right by the inferior race, but we cannot trust the inferior race with power over the white man."

Tillman liked the tone of this editorial and concluded that the

time had come for compromise with the Conservatives. Accordingly, a "peace conference" was held in Columbia on the night of February 18. The Tillmanites were represented by Senator Tillman and Governor John Gary Evans, while J. C. Hemphill and Joseph Barnwell of Charleston spoke for the Conservatives. A satisfactory arrangement was soon worked out. Tillman and Evans agreed to give the Conservatives approximately half of the membership of the convention, while Hemphill and Barnwell bound the Conservatives to support "the preservation of white supremacy by such purification of the suffrage as will save us from Negro domination in the future under any and all conditions." It was further agreed that the constitution to be drawn up by the convention should not be submitted to a popular vote since that might only re-open the factional fight.

This compromise was destined to die almost ere it was born. The leaders of the two factions had acted precipitately and without consulting their chief lieutenants. Gonzales and Williams, Conservative editors of the *Columbia State* and the *Greenville Times*, were irreconcilable enemies of Tillman and would have none of him. On the other side, Senator Irby, Democratic State Chairman, was furious when he learned of the deal and promptly branded it a "give away" as far as the Tillmanites were concerned. His anger was probably due in part to the fact that he had not been invited to the conference. Tillman at first staunchly defended his agreement, going so far as to say that "if the Reform movement cannot live without a perpetuation of strife and bitterness then it ought to die." But pressure from within his ranks gradually convinced him that he had been too generous in his concessions. On March 30 he repudiated his agreement, saying that he feared such an arrangement might lead to the disfranchisement of "illiterate and poor white men."

Meanwhile Tillman busied himself with seeking ways and means of keeping down the Negro vote in the election for the choosing of delegates to the convention. There was really little difficulty on this score. The election law of 1894 contained a number of clauses which might be applied in a discriminatory way against the Negroes. A favorite device was for the registration officer to claim he had no blanks when Negroes offered to register. As a matter of fact, the election law did not provide for the printing of any. The Democratic

county chairman had plenty of blanks printed for the whites but none for the Negroes to use. Always Negroes were made to wait in line until after the whites had registered. Sometimes the day was over before the registration officer got around to them. Those colored applicants who were admitted, were told that they must present affidavits of their qualifications properly made out. Of course this requirement added enormously to their registration difficulties.

But the Tillman "machine" did not stop here. It learned that a certain colored notary public, W. T. Andrews of Sumter, had been taking the affidavits of a number of Negroes seeking registration. His commission as notary public was promptly revoked by Governor Evans for no specific reason.

Negro leaders raised a storm of protest. They asserted that during the ten days in March set apart for registration not more than ten thousand Negroes had been registered in the entire state, while "more than 100,000, after unparalleled exposure, suffering, and sacrifices, remain unregistered and disfranchised." Representatives of the Colored Ministerial Union and the Republican party petitioned the governor to call a special session of the legislature to provide for the registration of these people. Of course such petitions fell on deaf ears.

These discriminations against Negroes prompted the bringing of a case, *Mills v. Green*, into the Federal courts to test the constitutionality of the Election Law of 1894. The Negroes won the first round of their fight. In the Federal District Court, Judge Nathan Goff ruled the statute in question invalid. The apparent intent of the legislators, he said, had been "how best to abridge and destroy the greatest number of votes of citizens of African descent, while at the same time interfering with as few as possible of the votes of the white race." The Negro Ministerial Union acclaimed the Goff decision a "second emancipation."

But the Negroes rejoiced too soon. The case was taken to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond, and there, on technical grounds, the decision of the lower court was overruled. White Democrats breathed a sigh of relief, and Negro leaders talked vaguely of emigration from the state.

The Democratic primary, from which Negroes were rigidly ex-

cluded, was held on July 30, and resulted in the nomination of forty-three Conservatives and one hundred and thirteen Tillmanites or Reformers. The warring factions within the Democratic party thus settled their differences, so far as the naming of delegates to the constitutional convention was concerned, and presented a solid front against the Republicans in the general election on August 20. In the face of such opposition, the Negro Republicans succeeded in electing only six delegates—five from Beaufort County and one from Georgetown. No white Republicans were elected. The Democrats were thus free to rewrite the state constitution as they might see fit, and within the Democratic caucus the Tillmanites had nearly a three-to-one majority. Negro suffrage in South Carolina was doomed.

The "disfranchising" Constitutional Convention began its sessions in Columbia on September 10, 1895. The membership included some of the ablest citizens of the state, but the outstanding leader of the body was Ben Tillman. It was essentially his convention. He saw to it that his favorite, Governor John Gary Evans, was elected presiding officer and he, himself, was named chairman of the all-important Committee on Rights of Suffrage. Day after day he worked relentlessly toward his goal—the disfranchisement of the bulk of South Carolina's Negroes. An observer described him as "sitting in the heart of the assemblage, his feet resting on the top of his desk, and his one fierce eye watching the six Negro delegates whispering in the corner. . . ."

It was generally understood, even before the Convention met, that Tillman favored a scheme of suffrage similar to that adopted by Mississippi in 1890. The basis of this plan was a permanent educational or property test with a temporary optional "understanding" test which could be so administered as not to eliminate illiterate white voters. The Reform leader proclaimed his intention to save South Carolina from the "rule of ignorance," but the Conservative Columbia *State* cogently observed that in the eyes of Mr. Tillman "ignorance . . . is only dangerous when it is black ignorance."

However apparent the truth of this observation might be, no Democrat—not even Gonzales, editor of the *State*—seriously proposed to disfranchise the impecunious and illiterate whites. To champion such a measure would be to invite political death. In fact, the major

task of the Convention was to find a feasible way to exempt the untutored whites from the operation of the literacy test without directly violating the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Many felt that the "understanding" clause gave too much power to the registrar and favored some other loophole. H. C. Patton of Richland County proposed the automatic enfranchisement of Confederate veterans and their descendants, and George Johnstone, an ex-congressman, suggested the setting up of county examination boards to investigate the cases of persons unable to qualify under the educational or property tests. Even the advocates of woman suffrage had a remedy for the situation. They asserted that a clause enfranchising women who paid taxes on property worth three hundred dollars would add fifty thousand white votes and less than two thousand colored.

On October 1 Chairman Tillman presented the unanimous report of the Suffrage Committee, embracing the "understanding" clause. The essential suffrage qualifications were these: residence in the state for two years, in the county for one year, and in the election district for four months; payment of a one-dollar poll tax six months before the day of election; and registration. In order to register, one must be able to prove his ability to read and write any section of the Constitution or show that he owned, or paid taxes on, property in the state worth at least three hundred dollars. These were to be the permanent qualifications for voting. But until January 1, 1898, all males of voting age who could either read a clause in the Constitution or understand and explain it when read to them by the registration officer should be entitled to register and vote. To those who could thus "understand," permanent certificates of registration were to be issued by the registration officer. Automatically disqualified from voting were persons convicted of burglary, theft, arson, obtaining goods or money under false pretenses, perjury, forgery, robbery, bribery, adultery, embezzlement, bigamy, or crimes against election laws; idiots, insane persons, paupers, and prisoners.

That this suffrage article might be used to cut down the Negro vote is apparent. Relatively long residence requirements tended to work against the Negro in politics because of his migratory character; many of the disqualifying crimes listed were more common among

Negroes than among whites. The permanent literacy and property clause would, of course, have eliminated the illiterate and impecunious of both races, provided the law was impartially administered and provided further that there had been no loophole to let in the illiterate whites. But there was such a loophole. Negroes who were poor and illiterate—and there were a great many of them—were not expected to be able to “understand or explain” a clause in the Constitution, while the registration officials saw to it that the whites did.

The reaction of the state press toward the suffrage report was varied. The *Columbia State* was at least tolerant. It characterized the proposed suffrage article as “better than it might have been and better than it was first intended to be.” The *Charleston News and Courier*, on the other hand, was not so charitable toward the work of Tillman’s committee. It asserted that the “understanding” clause could not be adopted “without lasting discredit to the state and grave injury to the people of the state in a moral sense. . . .” The *Columbia Daily Register* objected to the “understanding” clause, but for a different reason. It feared that the clause would be declared unconstitutional and that great numbers of whites who could not otherwise qualify would be disfranchised. Nowhere was enthusiastic praise of the new suffrage plan forthcoming from the press. But it must be remembered that the principal daily newspapers of the state were edited by Conservatives who looked askance at Tillman.

The Negro delegates in the Convention naturally regarded the suffrage report as a fatal blow to the political privileges of their race. They charged that Tillman had feared that the Negroes would vote with the Conservatives and drive his faction from power. Consequently, he had raised the cry of “white supremacy” and “hypnotized the whites of both factions with the scarecrow . . . which has the same effect upon the whites as a red flag has upon an enraged bull.”

All was not going smoothly in Tillman’s camp. Senator Irby, formerly an ardent Tillmanite, had quarreled with Tillman over the “peace conference” with the Conservatives in February, and the two had not been entirely reconciled since. Now in the Convention, Irby violently attacked Tillman’s suffrage plan, branding it “a political monstrosity—one of the most dangerous schemes ever concocted in

the brain of man." The illiterate whites, he said, would be ashamed to register under a separate "understanding" clause, since a permanent record of their illiteracy would thus be kept. He proposed a rival plan which drew no line between the literate and illiterate; all seeking to register must be able to understand and explain any section of the state constitution to the satisfaction of the registrar, sustain a good moral character, and must have paid all taxes due. The disfranchisement of the Negro was to be accomplished solely through a discriminatory application of a permanent "understanding" clause. Senator Irby's plan did not call forth favorable press comments, nor was it well received in the Convention.

The debate on the report of the Suffrage Committee began on October 25. One by one the Negro delegates rose to defend the political record of their race and to attack the proposed suffrage article. Probably the most logical speaker of the group was James Wigg of Beaufort County, who said, in part: "The Negro, Mr. President, has a right to demand that in accordance with his wealth, his intelligence and his services to the state he be accorded an equal and exact share in its government. . . . You charge that the Negro is too ignorant to be trusted with the suffrage. I answer that you have not, nor dare you, make a purely educational test of the right to vote. You say that he is a figurehead, an encumbrance to the state, that he pays little or no taxes. I answer you, you have not, nor dare you make a purely property test of the right to vote. . . . We submit our cause to the judgement of an enlightened public opinion and to the arbitrament of a Christian civilization."

The *Columbia State* praised the Negro speakers and admitted that universal manhood suffrage was theoretically ideal. However, it pointed out that universal suffrage had been tried for twenty-seven years in South Carolina and had failed. Unrestricted suffrage had brought "Negro supremacy, crushing taxation, official corruption, excuse for fraud, and now despotic bossism." Hence, it was imperative that the suffrage be qualified in the interest of both races.

The members of the Convention anxiously awaited a major speech by Senator Tillman in defense of the Committee Report. At last Tillman's "big speech" came on November 1; it was in the nature of a review of South Carolina's history since 1865. His first attack was

directed against the Northern Radicals who were responsible for Congressional Reconstruction in the South. They had acted, he said, "solely with the view to perpetuate the rule of the Republican party, and with the hellish purpose of venting their rage and hatred upon a conquered people. . . ." This was the beginning of South Carolina's political troubles. Then came the horrors and corruption of the Reconstruction era. The Negro could not be exonerated of blame in this connection. Many members of that race had held public office and abused the privilege; others had, by their votes, kept in power the "carpetbaggers" and "scalawags" who had brought the state into debt and disgrace. At last had come the overthrow of the Reconstruction government. Tillman described in vivid, though somewhat questionable, terms, the political situation in the state since that time: "The white people of the state came together as one. By force and violence we threw off the yoke. In 1878 we had to resort to more fraud and violence, and so in 1880. Then the registration law and the eight-box system was evolved from the superior intelligence of the white man to control this surging, muddy stream of ignorance and to tell it to back, and since then we have carried our elections without resort to any illegal methods, simply because the whites were united. If we were to remain united it would still be desirable to guard against the possibility of this flood that is damming up . . . [to break loose] whenever some more white rascals, native or foreign, come here and mobilize them. Therefore the only thing we can do as patriots and as statesmen is to take from them every ballot that we can under the laws of the national government."

A number of vigorous attacks were made upon the educational and property tests and also upon the "understanding" clause, but there was little doubt at any time that the Committee plan would be adopted. There was no effective opposition from the Conservatives. Hopelessly outnumbered in the Convention, they sought principally to exert a moderating influence in the committees. The objections of the Negro delegates were scarcely considered. On the day of Tillman's major speech, the Committee Report passed its second reading by a vote of sixty-nine to thirty-seven, exclusive of pairs. The force of the Tillman steam roller was equally as evident when the Suffrage Article was brought up a few days later for its third reading; it was passed, seventy-seven to forty-one.

With the controversial points settled, the Democratic factions came together for the final action of the Convention. In the balloting on December 4, only two white men joined with the Negroes and voted against the completed constitution. Chairman Evans, in his closing speech to the Convention, expressed the hope and the conviction that the new constitution would unite all South Carolinians and cause them to forget past differences.

Ben Tillman's victory was complete. He had ridden roughshod over all opposition and had given South Carolina a constitution which, he felt, went a long way toward righting the wrongs of Reconstruction. The Negroes were disfranchised, and, incidentally, the fangs of the Conservative bloc within the Democratic party were drawn.

ATLANTIS: PROTEAN AND IMMORTAL

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

"Let us hope that Fable may, in what shall follow, so submit to the purifying processes of Reason as to take the character of exact history."

—PLUTARCH: "*Theseus*"

SPEAKING OF a proposed road to recovery, Walter Lippmann some time ago declared it to be "as much a figment of the imagination as the lost island of Atlantis." His judgment on the economic policy in question may have been well warranted, but the simile he used for its denunciation merely proved the extent to which the old legend has become part and parcel of our intellectual heritage. Time and again men have marveled at the hold it still has on the human mind—as a problem in prehistory, as a symbol of lost perfection, or as a wish-fulfillment dream of a new Golden Age. Suppose that it never was anything but a piece of fiction devised as frame for an ideal—who would not like to pen, as Plato did, a few pages capable of setting thousands brooding and speculating, age after age?

There are numerous persons, however, in many parts of the globe, who refuse to accept Plato's story as mere fable, holding instead that beneath it must be hidden truth of one kind or another. Nor can the attitude of all these persons be brushed aside as sprung from ignorance and superstitious gullibility. Many of them are cranks, to be sure, or believers in occult revelations, and some of them display an almost religious fanaticism. But many more are earnest scientists and scholars impelled by a steadily growing conviction that, as Euhemerus of Messene once taught, the myths of the ancients were imaginative superstructures resting on foundations of past reality. Strabo, the learned and rather too skeptical Greek geographer, who had the treasures of the Alexandrian library at his disposal, and who wrote so contemptuously of his more credulous predecessors, said of Homer, "He was always bringing in his myths from some historical fact or other." Today archeologists everywhere are turning to the authors of classic antiquity for hints that may set them digging in fruitful soils, their new faith in such authorities having already

brought many happy results. And today, such a man writes, "The Atlantis problem is discussed in every land and by every faction."

Germany and France take the lead. Otherwise incompatible, they are at one in this respect. At Paris, in the solemn halls of the Sorbonne, French scientists and men of letters some years ago organized a "Society for Atlantean Studies." The inflammable nature of their subject was revealed when, in 1929, the society arranged a lecture tending to prove the identity of Atlantis with the island of Corsica. This so infuriated a number of more orthodox devotees that they broke up the meeting with tear bombs, and the society succumbed under the gales of laughter that followed. But I believe that another organization of similar nature, "Friends of Atlantis," still exists and continues to publish a monthly bulletin.

In its violent reaction against the Oriental origin of Western religion, Nazi Germany has turned to Atlantis as the primeval home of the Aryans and the fountainhead of all subsequent civilizations. In the Fatherland the Norse Eddas are seriously presented as a new Germanic Bible, destined to replace the one that came out of a disgustingly Jewish Palestine. There the revolutionary cosmogonic theories of the Viennese engineer and amateur astronomer, Hanns Hoerbiger, after twenty years of ignominious neglect, have been revived and made the chief support of an Atlantis corresponding closely to Plato's description. We may laugh at it, but the men who back and expound these new teachings are in deadly earnest, careful and clever in their reasoning, and well equipped with scientific data. Their attitude is no more surprising than that of Newton when he wrote apocalyptic commentaries, or of Swedenborg when he told us all about "Heaven and Hell." It is strikingly symptomatic that, a few years ago, three such different publications as the academic *Petermann's Geographische Mitteilungen*, Eugen Georg's *Schluessel zum Weltgeschehen* (now defunct), and the widely popular *Die Woche*, devoted whole issues to the latest theories about Atlantis.

In 1926 two Frenchmen, Jean Gattefosse and Claudius Roux, one a chemical engineer, the other assistant director of the public library at Lyons, prepared an Atlantean bibliography covering books and articles from the earliest time up to the year of publication. It contains seventeen hundred items, four-fifths of which refer directly to the lost continent. I know by personal observation that the authors'

admission of incompleteness is well founded. A similar list issued by a German scholar has 194 titles, many of which do not appear in the French bibliography. The same is true of the fifty titles placed by the Library of Congress under the heading of Atlantis. And since 1926 the stream of new books and articles on this subject has swelled to such proportions that the resulting literature promises to rival the exegetical deluges inspired by the figures of Hamlet and Faust.

The legend which has caused such hubbub and given rise to so many irreconcilable interpretations, appeared for the first time in one of Plato's briefer dialogues, "Timaeus." Whenever mentioned elsewhere, it may be traced back to that source. There we get the basic outline, the fundamental details, of the story which had come to Critias from his great-grandfather, a friend of the great Greek statesman and poet, Solon. It is given as a mere interlude, not at all connected with the main theme of the dialogue. Beginning with the simplicity of a fairy tale, it carries an unmistakable suggestion of veracity: "I will tell an old world story which I heard from an aged man." Solon was said to have brought it back from Egypt, where, in the city of Sais, during the reign of Amasis, he had received it from a venerable Egyptian priest. Plutarch, who had sources lost to us, names the priest Sonchis the Saite and calls him most learned of all his colleagues. So far the backgrounds of the story are undoubtedly historical. The Pharaoh Amasis reigned at Sais from 569 or 570 to 525 B. C. Solon died in 558 B. C. Ten of his later years were spent in travels, and for a time, to use his own words, he "dwelt near Nilus' mouth, by fair Canopus' shore," that is, at Sais. Plato, who died about two centuries later, was himself a descendant of Solon.

In substance the aged priest told Solon that, nine thousand years before their own day, an island larger than Asia and Libya together existed beyond the straits of Heracles (i. e., the Straits of Gibraltar). Beyond it were other islands, and beyond these a continent surrounding "the true ocean." The kings of Atlantis, ten in all, ruled over Africa as far as the borders of Egypt, and over Europe as far as Italy. Swollen with pride and power, they set out to conquer the rest of the world. The Athenians led the opposing hosts and were chiefly instrumental in defeating the invaders. But at that very moment their own country, as well as Atlantis, was utterly destroyed by earthquakes and floods. That is all so far.

Then a sequel appears in a second dialogue, "Critias," wholly devoted to Atlantis and characterized by a very different atmosphere. That part of "Timaeus" which gives the legend in its simpler form bears all the earmarks of an ancient tradition that had come down to Plato in one way or another. In the sequel he evidently picked up the story again as basis for a Utopia, another "Republic," an ideal state of his own construction, but using nevertheless details which look suspiciously like reflections of vanished actualities. "Willing to improve the story of the Atlantis Island," says Plutarch, "as if it were a fair estate that wanted an heir and came with some title to him, Plato formed, indeed, stately entrances, noble enclosures, large courts, such as never yet introduced any story, fable, or poetic fiction." Having first praised the wonderful government and no less wonderful qualities of the Athenians in those far-off days, he told about the founding of Atlantis by Poseidon, who carved the region into ten kingdoms for the five pairs of twin brothers born to him by a mortal woman. In great detail he described the country, its nature and its resources, conspicuous among which were metals of every kind and large herds of fine cattle. Similarly he pictured the wealth, glories, and intricate construction of the principal capital, where reigned Atlas, the older of the first pair of twins and chief king of Atlantis. The younger of these twins, who was named Eumelus in Greek but Gadeiros in the Atlantean language (his name being the only one given in the original form) "obtained as his lot the extremity of the island towards the Pillars of Heracles, as far as the country which is still called the region of Gades in that part of the world." The other kings were also named, but only in the Greek translations made by Solon from the Egyptian translations of the priest. The dialogue was never finished. It ends abruptly, in the middle of a sentence. This fact, too, has caused much speculation, but there is no reason for doubting Plutarch's simple explanation. He says that it was the last piece of work undertaken by Plato, who died before he could complete it.

Such, then, is the gist of the old legend in its double version. In the second, Plato beyond all doubt added fancy to fact for the serving of his own purposes. But even his fancies seem rooted in a past still vaguely remembered. He knew his Homer, of course, and the description of Scheria and the palace of Alcinous in the *Odyssey* must

have been his starting point, the springboard from which he launched his imagination. The similarity between the home of Nausicaa and the city of Atlantis is commonly recognized, and Homer spared no pains in placing Scheria beyond the Pillars of Heracles. Victor Berard, probably the foremost living student of the Odyssey, disputes this location on the ground that the Greeks knew nothing about the western Mediterranean and what might lie beyond. Yet the main thesis of his writings is that Homer took his information from the Phoenicians. That the poet so did is emphatically affirmed by Strabo. And long before Homer lived the Phoenicians were no strangers to "the outer sea." Nor did they hide their knowledge, as later did the Carthaginians, who, in the days of Plato, had closed the western end of the Mediterranean to the rest of the then civilized world. Solon lived when the Phocaeans were still sending their swift pentecosters to the Atlantic coasts of Spain, and it seems plain that Plato relied on him and Homer rather than on his own contemporaries. Plato likewise must have known something about Minoan Crete and Greece of the Bronze Age—the Greece of the Iliad. We find sacred steers in the temple-yard of Atlantis, and they were captured for sacrifice by priests armed only with staves and nooses, just as had been the practice at Knossos. It is plain, too, that the palace of Atlas had much in common with the old royal castles at Mycenae and Ty-rins as we have come to know them through the excavations begun by Schliemann. We may sum it up by saying that Plato evidently did not rely on his imagination alone when he drew his gorgeous picture of a triple-walled city and a palace filled with golden statues like those found in Homer's palace of Alcinous.

Aristotle and other contemporaries of Plato appear to have viewed the two dialogues in the spirit of the Italian adage: *Si non e vero e ben trovato*—it may not be true, but it is a good story. Later writers, like Poseidonius, held that "the story of Atlantis was not fiction." To this view the skeptical Strabo inclined. So did Ammianus Marcellinus, the Roman historian whom Gibbon trusted implicitly, but that very unusual soldier of Greek birth was an ardent admirer of Plato and merely accepted the dicta of his idol as unquestionable. In other words, the ancient world believed or disbelieved as its temper leaned to this side or the other, but it had no additional light to offer, no safely grounded confirmation or denial that might settle the long

dispute once for all. Then the legend became all but forgotten during many hundred years, largely because the Middle Ages swore by Aristotle and could not take seriously what he had treated so lightly.

This situation changed when the Renaissance relighted the torch of Greek creative genius and a new world was discovered in the West. Suddenly the seas were filled with legendary islands without which no map was complete. And strange as it may sound, the birth of modern scientific thinking helped to exalt Plato, the poetic dreamer, above Aristotle, the keen rationalist. A Spanish historian, Francesco Lopez de Gomara, was the first one to suggest the identity of Atlantis with America. Montaigne, with his usual common sense, proved the fallacy of this opinion by Plato's own text. After that the sluiceways of imaginative speculation were thrown wide open. A Swedish polyhistor, Olof Rudbeck, wrote a huge tome full of fantastic philology to prove his country the real Atlantis, although it remained high and dry. The theologically inclined seventeenth century identified the lost island with Palestine and established analogies between Plato's legend and the Bible. Since then Atlantis has been placed in every conceivable corner of the globe. Bailly, astronomer and mayor of Paris when the revolution put a temporary end to ingenuously ingenious theorizings, was long thought to have won the booby prize by his championship of Spitzbergen, a desolate island group in the Arctic Ocean. Yet our own day has seen a far from amateurish German scholar, Dr. Herman Wirth, seek the original Atlantis among the Eskimos of the Hudson Bay district. All in all, one may say that it was reserved for the last part of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth to raise the discussion of Plato's story into the realm of sober scientific study.

A first glance at the vast literature resulting from this prolonged and still growing preoccupation with a piece of writing now more than two thousand years old is apt to produce an impression of hopeless confusion. Nevertheless, the chaos of contradictory theories may be reduced to a degree of order. All who have dealt and are dealing with the Atlantean problem fall into certain fairly well definable classes. The first line of division runs between those who find the legend nothing but a brilliant fable, and those who hold it an imaginative structure reared around a kernel of otherwise forgotten facts. However impressive the arguments of the former class may be, they

fail to explain why the supposed fable continues to live and to prompt ever new attempts at realistic interpretation. The second class may again be divided into those who grant actual existence to Atlantis, but not as an island or continent in what is now ocean, and those who insist on reading the legend in the more literal sense. Until quite recently the representatives of the first subdivision were in a majority. Unable as they have been to agree among themselves, their theories show an increasing convergence toward certain focal points, located principally on the western coast of Spain and in the Tunisian-Moroccan region of northwestern Africa. All of them contend that the tale repeated by Plato is the misunderstood reflection of a perished center of early civilization not far from the western gate of the Mediterranean.

Foremost among those who seek Atlantis in Andalusia, identifying it with the ancient and more or less legendary city of Tartessos, must be named Professor Adolf Schulten of Erlangen, the excavator of Numantia, whose archeological studies in Spain have won him world-wide reputation. Herodotus speaks of that city in no uncertain terms, placing it on an island between two arms of the Guadalquivir. Aided by a noted German geographer and geologist, Professor Otto Jessen, Dr. Schulten discovered that the river, named Tartessus by the Greeks, really had more than one outlet in ancient times. According to his gradually developed theory, there was a first Tartessus about 3000 B. C., which had communication with Crete and served as an entrepôt between the tin- and amber-producing countries of the north and the more advanced peoples of the eastern Mediterranean. It perished somehow and was succeeded about 1500 B. C. by a second city which served the Phoenicians in a similar capacity. To make trading easier, these established a factory named Gadir at the point where Cadiz still stands, the Gades of the Greeks and of the Platonic legend. When Tyre fell, the Greeks, and especially the Phocaeans, the founders of Massilia (Marseilles), took up the connection with Tartessos and maintained it until Carthage, between 537 and 509 B. C., succeeded in excluding all other seafarers from the western Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Soon afterwards, more ruthless and grasping than its mother city, Carthage destroyed Tartessos so thoroughly that a few centuries later even the memory of its location had vanished and Roman writers confused it with

Gades. In the Bible the city figures repeatedly under the name of Tarshish, and always as a distant center of great wealth and a source of precious metals. For years Dr. Schulten has been digging at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, but in vain so far. Yet he seems to have established the separate existence of Tartessos and its erstwhile prominence as a nucleus of early Occidental culture.

His theories are to some extent supported by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Ellen Mary Whishaw, head of the Anglo-Spanish-American School of Archeology and Museum and Niebla—a spot hoary with the accumulated memories of innumerable generations: Spaniards, Moors, Visigoths, Romans, Carthaginians, Iberians, and what not. For several decades she has directed valuable excavations and studies at that point and around the adjoining copper mines on the Rio Tinto—the Red River, so called for ages because of the discoloration of its waters by the working of the mines since prehistoric days. She holds Tartessos identical with modern Seville, and unlike Dr. Schulten, she believes that land once existed in the Atlantic opposite those shores. Very interesting is her discovery of a folk-memory in the region of Niebla, relating to a great flood, a *diluvio universal*, when “the waters rose up above from below, and the sea came out of its center, and the whole world was drowned,” only those few being saved who could escape to “the high places.” In the soil between Niebla and the sea, a Spanish geologist, Don Matias Fernandez, has found lumps of iron of volcanic origin. He concludes that they must have been cast up by a great convulsion under the sea and a resulting tidal wave of enormous proportions. Mrs. Whishaw believes that Niebla had intimate connections with Atlantis, although she thinks that the city may have been established by colonists from North Africa as early as 10000 B. C. She has come across another old Spanish legend to the effect that Niebla was the first place to be colonized “after the great drought.” This term Mrs. Whishaw refers to the increasing desiccation of the Sahara. Whether Tartessos stood where Seville is now, or where Dr. Schulten thinks it sunken below ground-water level, those parts of Spain are still rich in metals, and along the banks of the Guadalquivir graze herds of steers said to be among the finest in the world.

Beginning with Professor Etienne-Felix Berlioux in 1883, a number of French students have sought the origin of the Atlantis legend

in northwestern Africa—one of them, F. Butevand, in a probably submerged area west of Tunisia. Recently their theories have been taken over by the Germans, two ardent advocates being Paul Borchardt of Munich and Dr. Albert Hermann of Berlin. In southern Tunisia, between the mountain chains of the north and the arid plateaux on the verge of the Sahara, we find the shotts, depressions below sea level which once were filled with water but are now reduced to treacherous and barren salt crusts. Long ago the Mediterranean seems to have approached the Atlantic Ocean across this stretch of land, while the Straits of Gibraltar were closed. Later there was a large lake, or line of lakes, emptying through a river into the Gulf of Gabes, the Lake and River Triton of Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus which also played a part in the search of the Argonauts for the Golden Fleece. According to both of the writers just mentioned, a relatively high form of civilization must have flourished in this region at a time when the Greek people was still in a formative state. Herodotus asserts that from there the Greeks received the worship of the only deities not derived from Egypt; Poseidon, who was their chief god until the Dorians introduced Zeus and iron; and Pallas, the very dress traditionally assigned to the tutelary goddess of Athens being copied from that worn by the Tritonian women. What changed this part of the globe from a garden to a desert or extraordinary forbidden aspect, we do not know, perhaps a gradual uplift of that whole corner of Africa and the resulting "great drought" mentioned in the Spanish legend. Even the Romans, however, knew nothing about Lake Triton, although, according to Borchardt, the district was not entirely stripped of water until a quite recent period.

Every part of the globe is full of anthropological riddles, but northwestern Africa seems to hold more than a proportionate share of them. There we find the blond Berbers, described by one traveler as looking like rosy-cheeked English farmers, and constituting from ten to twenty-five per cent of the various tribes. Perhaps they are descended from those blue-eyed and light-complexioned Temhu whom, about 2500 B. C., the Egyptians suddenly encountered among their old Libyan enemies, the Tehenu. Farther south we have the Futih or Fulani, pictured by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as a group of pastoralists with long heads, straight noses, wavy hair, and light-

colored skins. The elder Pliny, in his *Natural History*, speaks of a river Fut in this region. He also mentions a tribe of Parusii, "said to have been the companions of Hercules on his expedition to the Hesperides." These islands of many Greek legends are commonly identified with the Canaries, where we find the Guanches, a people also said to have been blond originally and thought by several anthropologists to show a strong admixture of the Cro-Magnon type. All of these riddles may be connected with the race that once built a civilization of some importance around the vanished Lake Triton.

In this district Borchardt and Hermann believe that they have found actual traces of the Atlantean capital, showing in minute detail the construction pictured by Plato. Some of the arguments with which they support these real or imaginary discoveries are strikingly apposite, while others must be deemed too extravagant and far-fetched. Thus, for example, Borchardt traces the names of still existing Berber tribes to those of the kings enumerated by Plato in "Critias." The denial of any such connection by noted philologists is hardly required, since we have been told by Plato that the names given by him represent Greek translations of Egyptian translations from the original Atlantean, and since the changing of Gadeiros into Eumelus does not suggest any close resemblance between the first and last versions of those names. When troubled by the nine thousand years said by the priest of Sais to have elapsed between the destruction of Atlantis and his own time, these German enthusiasts explain that the ancient Oriental peoples used lunar calendars, so that the years of the priest must be read as so many months. Unfortunately it has been pretty well proved that the solar calendar of the Egyptians, made and kept by the priestly caste, of course, must have been adopted not later than 2781 B. C. Under such circumstances it is unlikely that "the most learned of all the priests" should have reckoned time by months when telling his tale to Solon. Yet the same mistake is repeated by Dr. Leo Frobenius, another German explorer and ethnologist, who has unearthed splendid bronze sculptures, remarkable stone idols, and remnants of an old "Poseidonian" religion in the Yoruba district of Nigeria. In these he sees mementoes of a widespread Atlantean civilization that may have reached as far north as Brittany. To this list should be added two rather eccentric and almost antipodal theories advanced by Dr. Herman

Wirth and the German Orientalist, Professor Joseph Karst of Strasbourg. Starting from discoveries made by Danish and Canadian explorers in the frozen North, the former claims to have found distinct traces of a common neolithic culture—also Atlantean, of course—that once reached from the Hudson Bay region to the Baltic and perhaps beyond. On philological evidence, buttressed by geophysical considerations, Dr. Karst tries to resurrect a primary Atlantis of the Indian Ocean and a secondary one in the West, thus outbidding all other contestants. All these men seem to be groping toward what may prove lost chapters in the story of mankind. It is typical of the present German mood, that all such prehistoric clues must be tied up at once with the Platonic legend, thus causing them to be discussed from a point of view tending to obscure their possible real significance.

We may now turn to those who cling to the literal meaning of Plato's story, maintaining the former existence of a continent or group of larger islands in that part of the Atlantic where today nothing is to be seen but the Azores, the Madeiras, and the Canaries. A German Jesuit of the seventeenth century was the earliest known exponent of this opinion in modern times. To our own age it was first made familiar by Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, whose *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World* was published in 1882. It is a work full of daring conjectures too hospitable to alleged discoveries fitting the author's thesis, but also evident of much patient research shrewdly applied, and furnishing valuable points of departure for later students. It set the fashion, since then grown popular in other countries, of fusing the Platonic legend with Biblical, Scandinavian, Egyptian, and Toltec myths, and of presenting the ancient gods everywhere as mere shadows of earlier Atlantean deities.

A more recent and better balanced defender of the Atlantis-in-Atlantic theory is a Scotchman, Lewis Spence, who has given years of painstaking study to the problem, and who, in several volumes, has collected most of the circumstantial evidence that has any claim to scientific sanction. He follows Donnelly in spanning the arc of supposed Atlantean influences from Central America to Egypt, but his reasoning leans heavily on a large body of proven biological facts. Numerous resemblances in the floras and faunas of the districts flanking the Straits of Gibraltar, on one side, and, on the other, the corners of North and South America nearest to Europe have forced the

conclusion that, at some time, those points must have been connected by a "land-bridge." Not long ago a strange "monster" was captured on the North Carolina coast, inside the long line of sheltering sand-bars. It proved to be a sea-cow or manatee, a peaceful, vegetarian beast of considerable size and clumsy appearance which lives only in the shallow waters of bays and inlets. There is no reason to assume this mammalian ever to have been equipped for deep-sea traveling. Yet it exists in almost identical forms in Venezuela, in Florida, and in northwestern Africa, but nowhere else. Ants, butterflies, soft-water molluscs, snails, and earthworms are other organisms hardly capable of traversing the ocean. Nevertheless, closely allied or identical species of these are found exclusively in the coastal districts on either side, from Spain to Senegal, from Venezuela to Florida, or on adjoining island groups. Biologists insist that this evidence is positive, although they admit that the logical link between the continents may have collapsed before man existed.

Throughout the greater part of the last century, however, geologists were adamant against any theories suggesting previous land areas in the Atlantic south of a line between Ireland and Greenland. This science used to be as staid and orderly as chemistry and physics while the atomic theory still was the last word in both. Today it is almost shockingly unsettled. No theories of Atlantean enthusiasts could be more fantastic or revolutionary than are some of those enounced by geologists of high repute, like Wegener, Jeffreys, Joly, Daly—not to mention the still more upsetting "glacial cosmogony" of Hoerbiger and his followers. The permanence of the great ocean depths, established by A. R. Wallace, was formerly a gospel. No matter how the continents might be changed by local upheavals, they were supposed to have been anchored forever in their present places. Today we are told that those very continents may be drifting like icefloes; that the positions of the poles and the equator may have shifted from age to age; that continents and oceans may rise and fall like scales of a balance under different weights, and that our planet may have caught and consumed a series of moons producing cataclysms which still haunt the memory of mankind. In defence against such radical teachings, says J. A. Steers of Cambridge, "Orthodox views on the origin of the Atlantic, or any other ocean, imply the sinking and disappearance of land-bridges." Today the world is

full of lost continents, not only Atlantis or Antillia in the North Atlantic, but Mu in the Pacific, Lemuria in the Indian Ocean, and Gondwana Land in the southern Atlantic. And today, we may add, man is quite generally believed to have existed more than a million years ago, during the geological age preceding the glacial inauguration of our own. One cannot escape a feeling that, if too much credulity has been shown on one side of our controversy, there may have been too much skepticism on the other.

Formerly the ocean floors were commonly visioned as relatively smooth surfaces. This idea was disposed of forever by the *Challenger*, *Dolphin*, and other similar expeditions. Now we know peradventure that the seven seas contain mountain ranges as numerous and as lofty as those of the five continents. When you study a British Admiralty map of the northern Atlantic, you discover many unexpected peculiarities. At one spot, halfway between the Canaries and the West Indies, you have two soundings some thirty miles apart, both showing depths of about ten thousand feet, and between them a small area where a later sounding has revealed a depth of less than five hundred feet . . . where, it means, a needlelike peak towers abruptly to a height of about ninety-five hundred feet. Off Madeira, only a short while ago, a French cable vessel discovered a similar peak, rising from a general depth of twelve thousand feet to within one hundred eighty feet of the surface. Nor are the ocean depths permanent, as thought formerly, submarine earthquakes being frequent causes of great changes in level. At a point about one thousand miles west of Ireland, an American cable vessel in 1882 encountered depths of only four thousand feet where forty years earlier as much as thirteen thousand feet had been recorded. After the destructive Tokyo earthquake of 1923, the ocean floor outside was found to have been raised eight hundred feet at one point and depressed fifteen hundred and fifty feet at another. When the island of Krakatoa blew up in 1883, a peak fourteen hundred feet tall was changed into a cavity with a depth of more than one thousand feet. Traces of deep-sea ooze found at high levels seem to prove that the island of Barbados once formed a part of the ocean floor, with many thousand feet of water above it. The Fosse de Cap Breton, a submarine canyon extending the bed of the river Adour far seaward, is regarded as proving a subsidence of nine thousand feet along that

part of the Atlantic coast of France. Other rivers, from the Gironde to the Tagus, give similar evidence. Classical writers like Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and Diodorus Siculus, give long lists of seismically provoked catastrophes—of islands sunk in the sea, torn from the mainland, or upheaved from great depths, as was the ephemeral islet of Fernandea, south of Sicily, in 1833—and nowadays we are compelled to credit those fellows with correct information about many events that must have preceded the introduction of letters.

Through the eastern part of the North Atlantic, from Iceland to the equator, runs a mountainous backbone, the Dolphin ridge, rising thousands of feet above the ocean floor on either side. The Azores are merely the highest peaks of that mighty range, and Pierre Termier, the head of the French Geological Survey, is one of those who sees in this island group the remnants of a former extensive land area. Modern geology grants that the Madeira Islands once were connected with the Spanish peninsula, and that the Canaries formed a part of the African mainland. The Straits of Gibraltar are known to have been closed within recent geological time, while the Mediterranean had outlets on one or the other side of the geologically and biologically homogeneous area now divided between southwestern Spain and northwestern Africa. Dr. Sven Hedin and others are said to have found conditions in West Turkistan indicating that, perhaps not so many millennia ago, a vast inland lake covered the steppes between Lake Balkash and the Caspian Sea. When a seismic disturbance released the waters, these flowed into the Black Sea, causing it to break through the Bosphorus, which until then had been closed. The question then occurs, whether the implied radical changes could have taken place late enough to be observed by men capable of transmitting their experience to later generations. That question is, I think, adequately answered by Strabo among others. In several places he speaks clearly and definitely of the time when the Bosphorus and the Straits of Heracles (Gibraltar) were closed. He conjectures that the Red Sea ceased to be connected with the Mediterranean when the latter and the Atlantic "came together." He also quotes a tradition mentioned by Aeschylus, that Sicily and several smaller islands in that vicinity had been rent from the Italian mainland by earthquakes. The same tradition recurs in the third book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, and it is again quoted by Montaigne. Today

geologists are convinced that Sicily once formed part of a land-bridge between Italy and Africa, embracing the interesting little island of Pantellaria, and that the Mediterranean has undergone a series of oscillations resulting in far-reaching changes along its shores.

Such startling corroborations of formerly scorned traditions and legends by the cautiously weighed surmises of modern science seem to necessitate a belief in what is now called race-memory, akin to individual memory, but transcending it. By this mysterious faculty the common recollections of greatly impressive natural events are preserved from generation to generation across unbelievable stretches of time, but under forms that tend to become vague and fabulous as the slowly marching millennia follow each other. It is this collective memory, as embodied in symbol, myth, legend, folk-tale, and tradition, which a line of recent German scholars and writers (Eugen Georg, Hanns Fischer, R. J. Gorsleben, Georg Hinzpeter, Edgar Dacque, to mention only a few) hold no less important to prehistoric studies than any structure or artifact dug out of the earth by the archaeologists. It is to this memory they turn with preference when wishing to prove an original community or culture that only could have existed in some now vanished region, like Atlantis. If reliance may be placed on such a memory, independent of letters, then there may be truth even in the Indian tradition quoted by Humboldt, that cliff drawings in almost inaccessible parts of the Andes, five thousand feet above sea level, were made by white men in canoes when the whole continent was submerged to that height. And then, after all, the lands of which Sanchis the Saite told Solon may really lie buried beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

If, from the mass of conflicting theories and actual or fancied discoveries here outlined, one tries to deduce a residuum of plausible conclusions, the result, I think, will be as follows:

- I. The deeply rooted conception of the Orient as the sole cradle of civilization is gradually giving way to a belief that, long before our era, a considerable development had taken place in the West, around or beyond the Atlantic end of the Mediterranean, and probably concentrated at points like Tartessos or the Lake Triton district. "It is not commonly known," wrote once the late James Henry Breasted, "that the Late Stone Age life, like that of Europe eight or ten thousand years ago, undoubtedly entirely surrounded

the Mediterranean and fringed its shores much as did the government of the Roman Empire thousands of years later."

2. It is possible that, even in prehistoric times, a great deal more of land may have existed around the present groups of the Azores, the Madeiras, and the Canaries, or along the Atlantic coast of southwestern Europe and northwestern Africa, with populations sufficiently favored by climate and natural resources to achieve a fairly advanced stage of civilization.

3. It is possible that from these no longer existing areas may have issued some of the peoples of unknown origin which at various times appeared in western Europe and Africa . . . the very remarkable members of the Cro-Magnon race; the white peoples who were discovered by the Egyptians among the red-skinned Libyans; the race which created the so-called Almeria culture in southern Spain, and so on.

4. It is possible that these peoples may have preserved and transmitted memories of the submerged lands of their origin, and that such memories first gave rise to the legend of Atlantis and then became associated with the localities where they persisted.

5. Beyond mere possibilities we dare not venture as yet, but it appears more and more likely that a reality of some kind inspired Plato's Atlantis as well as Homer's Scheria of the Phaeacians, and that this reality may have formed an important chapter in the early history of mankind.

Personally I am inclined to believe that this chapter may be recovered line by line, and that the work now being done all over the world by archeologists, anthropologists, ethnologists, and other servants of modern science will sooner or later produce data lending solid substance to the old legend which Plato made immortal.

OUR RURAL POETRY

CAROLINE B. SHERMAN

IN THE CRITICAL appraisal of our American writing the rural poetry of today holds its own in comparison with other kinds of poetry as it has done in no other period of our literature. Nor has it lost its human qualities nor its folk appeal while meeting the critics' tests. Rather, it is the synthesis of the fitness of the mode and the potency and genuineness of appeal that places this verse high in the evaluations of discriminating critics. Contemporaneous criticism can never be final, but since the turn of the century we have had no dearth of intense critical interest in the poetry of its day which spares not form, nor theme, nor diction in its penetrating debates.

Usually it has been necessary for those laymen who trace eagerly through the years the indigenous quality of our American writing, to accept in rural poetry the spirit or sincerity in the place of literary excellence. There have been exceptions of course. But in general we have had to accept knowledge for intuition, fact for inspiration, and craft for art.

It is true that our rural poetry has long satisfied many of those rural people who read verse. At certain periods it has even aroused the enthusiasm of those once of the farm, those who want to be on farms, and those who are confirmed city dwellers. Occasionally its form has been so well suited to its material that the whole has satisfied generally. Occasionally through the decades—just often enough to keep us always hopeful—a real artist has appeared, either a musical singer, or one gifted in fitting thought to word and rhythm, or a skillful craftsman. But even today the number who are writing true rural poetry that surmounts poetical standards with an ease suggesting a power not yet supremely taxed are so few as to hold us in suspense. But at least such poetry is frequent enough to refresh us season by season and to keep us expectant.

To those to whom the essence of poetry will ever remain the transfixation of the evanescent and the elusive, rural poetry will seldom bring the crucial joy of a perfect thing. For rural poetry means poetry that deals with the farm or with farm people, with farm char-

acteristics or farm life, or with the country neighborhood. It lends itself particularly to the ballad or to more rugged forms of verse.

Nature has been an inspiration to writers and artists of every kind, of course, and it has always influenced rural verse, but poems of Nature alone do not make rural poetry. The term *Nature* has been so overused and has accumulated so many barnacles of sentimentality that one longs for another with its pristine connotations. For the elements of this world that went to make the term are among those that yield the purest poetry—the transitory beauty perceived by an inner eye and transfixed by exactly the right line, or the stark quality driven home by the ultimate in word and meter.

I

From the time American poetry was worthy of the name, a part of it has been devoted to the farm or rural neighborhood. Whittier was not only the first rural poet that many of us knew, with his whistling "Barefoot Boy" and his beloved story of an isolated farm family in *Snow-Bound*, but in the anthology of rural poetry, when it is compiled, his name will probably lead all the rest in chronology at least. For though William Cullen Bryant's master poem is essentially of the out-of-doors, it is a liturgy of the Universe of Nature rather than of Nature as a sustainer of the earthly needs of man. He wrote constantly of Nature but often in the cosmic sense, and it was linked in his writing with death and immortality.

Snow-Bound is not only an American rural poem of intrinsic value—it is definitely of Puritan New England. But instinct as it is with regional quality, it evokes a universal atmosphere and tells a universal story. The richness of family life at its simple best is there. It deals with enduring principles and facts, it depicts real people, it tells a warmly human story enfolded in snowstorm. And it is deftly done. The aptness of the changes in verse, meter, and diction to reflect the different personalities being described never fails to astonish us, coming as it does so neatly within the framework of the simplicity of Whittier's style.

Other writers of that famed period in American letters occasionally wrote country verse, but it was seldom of the farm. We may wonder that this is true, since it was to the sturdy work of the farm and the simplicities of farm life that many of them turned for a solu-

tion to their discontent with the world as it was, when they established Brook Farm with its transcendental principles. But farm verse so inspired would have had to come *before* the experiment rather than during or after. For we know the trials they met in bending willing bodies and minds to the unwonted tasks, and the disappointments they suffered when the farm life was abandoned and they returned, singly and in groups, to their accustomed modes of life.

Of course, indigeneity was by no means a usual characteristic, nor did the writers of those years wish that it should be. We were still a new country, and were apologetic for our newness so far as the arts were concerned. The more closely our writers could derive from foreign influences and sources, the better it suited most of them. Longfellow's derivative work and meters were representative of American writing of his period.

II

Following down the mainstream of American poetry, it is the South that surprises us most in contrasts, in rural work. Even in the ante-bellum days, now dedicated to retrospective romance, Sidney Lanier, who stood for fragile artistry, was forging in some of his writing a doctrine that was to be a dominant theme for generations, not only in the South but in his country at large. He has been called the original Southern agrarian. As such he has become a part of the heritage of our lifetime. Although tinged with the mystical, and always melodious, and earning his living by playing the flute, he was clear-sighted in his warning against industrialism and commercialism. In "Corn" he accomplished the impossible by expressing a strong social doctrine in musical poetry.

Meanwhile Henry Timrod must be listed for "The Cotton Boll," although most of his writing would not fall within the province of rural verse. And we must remember Samuel Woodworth for "The Old Oaken Bucket" and George Morris for "Woodman, Spare That Tree." In fact, throughout the decades both earlier and later, there have been single rural poems of wide appeal that are far better known than their writers. Or poets who are known chiefly for their other work have written some living incidental rural verse, as John Crowe Ransom's early poems, including his "Christmas Colloquy."

Following a long period that was only slightly alive to rural

themes, came that era of the homely ballads related to the farm which were so popular. John Hay's *Pike County Ballads* led the way, bringing a "clever welding of character, dialect, sentiment and humor," but their readers were not frequent. Then came Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, *Farm Legends*, and *Farm Festivals*. Many were surprised that they should be enjoyed and quoted far to the east and to the west of his own locality. Where his books did not travel his single ballads found the way.

In the same school of verse were James Whitcomb Riley's rustic ballads devoted to farm people, farm industries, and neighborhood life. America was ready for them, whether in town or country, and Riley has been called the People's Laureate. And though others have been granted similar titles by a public who were flattered to find themselves the subject of much read verse, it is certain that during one period no girl graduate's list of gifts was complete without a bound copy of one of Riley's longer poems, with full-page illustrations in color and marginal decorations.

Because of their folksy themes and the way they broke away from the more classic forms, there are those who would include these writers in no collection of poetry except a rural one. Moreover, the writing was restricted to the photographic and the factual, with little in the way of interpretation and overtones. They used everyday American words and phrases, and their verse was straight narrative or it described rural events and scenes with rural wisdoms and philosophies. Dialect played a telling part as it had not since James Russell Lowell succeeded with it in *The Biglow Papers*. All in all, the characters, vocabulary, descriptions, narratives, philosophies, and types found in these poems were generally recognized as native and true. That is the claim of this group to long life.

These writers of the Middle West were companioned in the South by Frank L. Stanton—sometimes called the People's Poet—who was writing in a similar way, and in Massachusetts by John Savary, who was often describing farm life in his more conventional verse, and in New York State by John Townsend Trowbridge, whose farm poetry is typified by his "Evening at the Farm."

The other contribution of these writers of rural verse taken as a group is found in the fact that they brought our poetry back to the

people. It was generally read and generally enjoyed. Given a start on one of these poems, and many whose parents read aloud in lamp-lighted farmhouses during the turn of the century can carry on the thread through verse after verse, missing only an unimportant word now and then, though we may not have thought of the verses for years.

The writers of Negro-dialect story poems of the South formed a little group of their own, but their subjects were essentially rural. Only those who have known the country darkies of the old types can appreciate them. Irwin Russell, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page have reflected one phase of country life, through their Negroes of the plantation and the Big House, that is inherent in any consideration of early rural years in America. Stanton, too, used Negro as well as "Cracker" dialect effectively. Later, Paul Lawrence Dunbar—he who was called the Poet of his People—carried on the tradition among readers of both races.

Certain transitional poets, who seemed pathbreakers even in their day, clearly indicated to the discerning the blends that were to make our rural poetry of today. They were widely different, one from another, but they started the threads that were to be woven later into our rural tapestry of verse.

Walt Whitman is, of course, the name that leaps at once to mind. "The complete native and universalist" who despised the reverence for form-for-form's-sake and who broke all traditions, began a potent one of his own when he yanked the vocabularies of the streets and roadsides from their owners and forged them into a living speech not read before, reinforcing with a coined word or phrase when he felt it necessary, but always leaving the whole a completely American product.

He, the giant primitive, broke the way toward the ruder realism in the form of verse. He wrote primarily of labor and usually of cities, but the country and the countryman claimed his occasional attention. And if he was a Prophet of the People he was also a Prophet of the Poets, although it was long before this could be clearly realized. It has been said that Whitman did not ask for followers but for further originals. He was the emancipator of American poetry, but it was many years before our writers began to weave his example into

a tradition and make use of this freedom to recast our poetry into more vigorous forms.

When these vigorous writers finally emerged, one by one, to galvanize American verse, they usually dealt with phases of the frontier rather than with the farms, but the frontier in all its phases is basically related to the farm. Industrialism and labor later absorbed two or three, and there their love of land and country life generated a savage sympathy for those deprived of them. Others were primarily outdoor writers—"rurban" writers they have been called by ruralists. Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Robert Service, Edwin Markham, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson—the stalwart names link themselves into one of their own marching chants. Theirs were new themes, new modes, new rhythms. Classicism was vanquished, to reappear here and there, even in some rural verse, but never again in our lifetime to be the sole criterion of genuine poetry.

Perhaps the poems of these writers that are most germane to our story are Markham's *The Man with the Hoe* and Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*. Each grasped reality with both hands through one achievement. Both helped to break the way for our singing growth, but neither followed through with equal effectiveness.

When Markham's *The Man with the Hoe* aroused bitter protest a prize was offered for the best refutation. It was won by John Vance Cheney. Here in challenge and response are the indications of a Great Divide. The devastating poem proved to be part of a flood of new verse. The prized reply, a conventional song of the blessings of the farm in the language of its era, rippled in harmony with the ways of its decade. Or it has been said that Markham's poem ushered in a new century, whereas Cheney's clung to the old.

A further indicator of the living quality of this newer work is furnished by a writer in another school of verse whose work is now almost forgotten except when it uses full-bodied themes in an individual way. Madison Cawein, writing in Kentucky, did imitative work that attracted attention at the time, but his poems that are now remembered are on the Ku Klux Klan, on feuds, and on lynchings. These have been called invaluable records of the soil. They form a necessary chapter in the social history of his region.

Whitman's blazing of a difficult way is well known. He supplied the force and the dynamite. It is not so well known that Edward Rowland Sill on the Pacific Coast and Richard Burton on the Atlantic seaboard introduced the psychological in poetry and learned to do it with artistry. Even their sociological implications did not mar the beauty of their writing. Never widely read and never popular, they were what in musical parlance are known as critics' favorites. "Within the limits he set himself, Sill was the purest artist in Nineteenth Century American poetry," according to one of them—"a concentrated poet, simple and subtle, clear and musical," and "monkishly devoted to poetry." But it is probable that "Among the Redwoods" is his only poem that is well known.

Like Edward Rowland Sill, the Eastern lyric poet Burton at about the same time was escaping to "Wood Witchery," to "The Comfort of the Stars," to "Spirits of Summer." He even escaped to "Deserted Farms," which he compared to Lear in one of his poems. It is increasingly evident that to these two writers our later poetry owes more than most poets or readers realize.

The free-verse movement also contributed to the ascendancy of our present-day rural poetry. The mode is well related to rural realism. Nature songs alone usually require the lilt and the rhymes of the lyric, but poems of man's occupations and preoccupations are usually best told in rougher rhythms and with or without rhymes as the immediate truthfulness demands. Free verse may have developed into a cult, a fetish, a poetic warfare, but it hastened American poetry along newer directions that were leading ever nearer to the essential truths in poetic writing.

This robust development in verse was of course closely related to the growing emphasis on realism in fiction and is connected with a later democratization of American art. That poetry and painting, aristocrats of the arts, are now concerned with the everyday life of the people is an augury for that complete amalgam of American life and art that might so easily remain forever an idealistic goal.

In verse as in fiction the emphasis on rude realism is easily overdone. The amalgam must be a true composite of the life of the people as a whole. It must not overly represent the sordid or the near sordid, just as it must not overly represent the romantic and the

sentimental. As many of us have for so long looked to poetry for melody, for music, for sheer delight, we regret an overplay of realism in poetry more than we do in prose. Fiction primarily should express life as it is, but we are not convinced that poetry is not preferably a creation of the spirit.

The spirit of mankind is not a disembodied one, however. We should not be driven to methods of escape in order to feed it for our enjoyment and its expansion. We need to dwell with it every day. It must be knitted in with the web of life if it is to stand by us in the hours of pressure and preoccupation, in the days of sorrow, and in the business of modern living.

We cannot pass from this transition of our poetry without mentioning those who aided the new voices to be heard. Harriet Monroe, of course, leads all the names among those who gave encouragement and audience. She set herself to fulfill Whitman's maxim that to have great poets you must have great audiences. Her example, combined with the ferment of the poetic renaissance of the earlier part of this century, induced other editors to create outlets or to open other pages for these new voices and brought other critics to their consideration and support. Jessie Rittenhouse, Emily Clark, Marguerite Wilkinson, and Alfred Kreymborg are only a few of the several names that crowd to the point of our pencil.

Nor should we forget that in that next earlier period, of lyrical minor singers, Edmund Clarence Stedman was perhaps unconsciously forming a link toward the future. We are likely to class him with the polite and the innocent, but while he was working harmoniously with his decade, he was himself agreeing with Lowell's earlier pronouncement that a new land calls for a new kind of song and that the greatest poet is many-sided.

That the rural poetry of today stands shoulder to shoulder with some of the best poetry being written anywhere is thus not the spontaneous phenomenon that some supposed as they have watched so many of the recent Pulitzer poetry awards and other prizes going its way. Whatever we may think of the philosophy of prize awards, especially in association with the essence of poetry, we must admit that these awards do gain a wider audience for some of the better writing. They do awaken many indiscriminating readers to writings

that satisfy. It is to be supposed that he who reads a volume of poetry just because it has won a notorious prize will look for later work under the same name. It may become a valued part of his reading and lead to other poetry of the same school at least.

No, not a spontaneous phenomenon. Rather the ripened fruit fed by many influences now possible to trace. Among the rural poets or writers on rural poetic themes today, led by Robert Frost and Robert P. Tristram Coffin, these influences are freely acknowledged. Influences of Bryant are found in the preoccupation with the union of nature and death; of Emerson in the welding of beauty with wisdom and philosophy; of Whittier in the recognition of the poetic quality of simple country living, and the impact of regionalism symbolized by the purity of the snow country; of Whitman and his followers in the freeing of verse, form, and rhyme-pattern to suit the theme of the poem, once it is realized as a part of life as well as a subject for art; of Sill and Burton in the use of the psychological in penetrating to the heart of the theme and in humanizing the use of the newer rhythms.

Before passing to this group of vital poets who are mirroring today's rural life in rhythms and word pictures that are at times warmly personal, but are at times starkly objective in their insight and economy of expression, let us salute a little group of rural lyricists who still sing to appreciative audiences. Lizette Woodworth Reese, for instance, is not a poet of farm life, but this lady of *A Quiet Road* is inherently a poet of the countryside, and the freedoms of the country have unshackled the classicism of her verse. We would claim her here. The later work of Orrick Johns may not have fulfilled the promise of his "Country Rhymes," "Wild Plum," and "Little Things," but we should not forget his fascinating combination of reality and rhyme which, in the words of Kreymsborg, is instinct with fire, tenderness, wisdom, humor, and music. Fragile rural poems are still appreciated even in some robustly influential quarters; for the John Burroughs Award, given annually for the best piece of nature writing of the year and usually going to some well-known naturalist, was recently conferred on a genuine New York farmer, W. W. Christman, who had not found time to write until he was sixty years old. After his *Songs of the Helderhills* and *Songs of*

the Western Gateway, his third little volume, *Wild Pasture Pine*, won this surprising recognition. His last volume, *The Unillable Hills*, was finished just before his death last year.

We need these lyrical voices and we shall need them. They stir in us a spirit we cannot spare. We move on to find verse more closely linked with our daily needs, more strongly linked with reality, but the echo of these liquid cadences, dedicated to the gentling influences, is not without its effect in us.

Reality in poetry. Reality seen with a perceiving, imaginative eye, considered with a humorous and understanding heart, and portrayed with refinement of mind, discipline of feeling, and gift of characterization, through a form that in word, meter, and use of rhyme closely fits the truth that is to be told. That combination is perhaps the touchstone of the ascendancy of our present rural poetry. "By the love of truth and by the love of people, poets grow wise for their work of interpretation." Such wisdom and its works we find in abundant measure in the poetry of Frost and Coffin.

Practicing his art long before he published, finding his first outlet in obscure agricultural papers for poems now widely known, Robert Frost learned how to give us both the personal and the racial qualities of his people with a quiet vividness and power that the critics pronounce as infused with genius. It is said that with his knowledge of the life and characters of which he writes and the methods he has made his own, he now writes with easy finality his narratives, lyrics, and portraits with these rhythms that are so closely related to the meanings and the emotions with which he deals. Thus he has perfected his unique instrument for the story of American rural character, life, and scene. He himself has said that a complete poem is one wherein an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words.

In spite of the universality of his work through his understanding and philosophies of life, his welding of thoughts and rhythms, and "the unconscious and innate nobility of the man himself," Robert Frost is of course sharply regional. A critic has said that he is deep-rooted in locality and from that physical and spiritual environment he draws his strength. He is always true to people and place. Let us read again his "Death of the Hired Man." No painting could be

clearer of the quizzical farmer and his anxious wife on the moonlit steps of the kitchen porch as they consult in whispers over the old derelict asleep by the kitchen stove. Verity, humanity, drama, and poetic worth make it a small and homely masterpiece.

And though Frost holds informal talks on literature with selected students at Amherst and Harvard, he is still a real farmer, for his permanent home is on the third New England farm that he has worked with his own hands. His wellspring is a kinship with earth and with earthy characters, and he knows it. In spite of Gertrude Stein's advocacy of the bizarre, she recognized the integrity in Frost and his work when she said on her latest visit to America that if Frost is good as a poet, it is because he is a farmer—really in his mind a farmer.

The demand of the modern critics that our poetry be natural and unforced in both meter and rhyme is personified in Frost. It may be questioned how Frost can truly represent his laconic New England rural characters and their sparse speech pierced with shrewd humor, and yet write true poetry. The answer is found first in the fact that speech that comes directly from the mind or heart, or that relates to something simply, sharply, or deeply felt is itself likely to be expressed in a way that is essentially rhythmic. This is true of children's speech and often in the spontaneous speech of anyone who is stirred—in anger or in enthusiasm. Then today's standards discount perfectionism in the earlier sense. Rhythm, rhyme, or sentiment that is easily foreseen is now classified with the slick and the trite. Frost's method of changing his rhythm or discarding rhyme momentarily to fit the mood of the speaker or the lines he is writing gives the irregularity that is naturalness. Thus the demand of the critics, the recognition of truth on the part of those portrayed, and the interpretive overtones that followers of poetry instinctively ask of it, coalesce in the work of Robert Frost.

And though Frost is a poet of rocky soil and the people of rocky soil, his philosophical bent links him with the world outside. This is constantly suggested in his writing. He accentuates it in the subtitles throughout the group of poems under the heading "Taken Doubly" in *A Further Range*. And in the dedication of this volume—" . . . beyond the White Mountains were the Green; beyond both were the Rockies, the Sierras, and, in thought, the Andes and the Himalayas—

range beyond range even into the realm of government and religion." Then the poem delivered at Columbia before the national party conventions of 1932—"A Political Pastoral," he calls it. It may suggest the polished political poems of eighteenth-century England, but it escapes their straitjackets, is related to the people, and is dyed with his own individuality. It is doubly welcome in that it approaches the sustained writing that seems to be necessary if one is to win a place in the history of poetry. As yet the rural poets of today, for we are not so grouping Edwin Arlington Robinson, have not written this sustained poetry.

It is perhaps symptomatic of the rebirth of New England in the field of letters that our other leading rural poet is also distinctively of that section. Robert P. Tristram Coffin locates his sources even more explicitly when he says that all a man needs to be a good poet is to have a pair of good eyes and to live in the state of Maine. But the critic knows that Coffin has already qualified for potential greatness in the terms of Lowell's and Stedman's belief that the greatest poet is many-sided. Within a few years he has written volumes of biography, fiction, poetry, and historical narrative with a rapidity that would excite skepticism if we did not know that he is inoculated with his father's doctrine that each owes it to himself and to his world to strive to do his work with whatever tinge of the superlative he can impart.

In Coffin we find the preoccupation with animal life and hence with death as it comes to the unprotected creatures of woods and lakes and fields. In his *Strange Holiness* and constantly in his other poems there are touches of the magical in his power to transfix the poignancy of utter beauty and of death, even among creatures without souls. In this tendency toward absorption in the death theme he shows a kinship with more urban and sophisticated poets of the day, for Edna St. Vincent Millay's *The Buck in the Snow* reads like the embroidered amplification of one of Coffin's terse poems of the death of the hunted at the hands of man.

As we search in our minds for just the personal link that will explain Coffin's transcendent identification of the poet with the life spirit wherever found, there flashes on the eye of memory a picture from Oberammergau, the inner significance of which perhaps only Coffin

could translate for us. Perhaps he alone could crystallize to a clear comprehension its overtones and undertones. Returning to the house of our apostle host for the noon intermission of the *Passion Play*, we saw banked against the lower part of the house that was colored with religious frescoes, the fresh, steaming, treasured manure from the animals housed beneath the family roof, while in a little gabled window above was the pure and abstracted cameo-like profile of a fair young visiting nun. We were transfixed with a conviction that we were seeing far more than we could see or state—how express it?

The connotations of the lowly manger, the humble ass, the faithful camels, and the radiance of the Star of Hope and the Presence were there. That was the nearest we could come toward explaining the electric quickening brought by that natural association of antithetical phases of life.

Just that touch of the divine, not detached from his awareness of the stark quality of nature, Coffin suggests in connection with the daily things of simple life. "It is of the essence of transfiguration," and to many that is the essence of poetry. And he suggests it with an economy of words that is in startling contrast with the abundance of the imagination the words awaken. We have only to remember "The Dead Bittern," "The Startled Heron," "Something Holy," "The Sacrament."

But to read Coffin is not to dwell too long in transcendence. In close juxtaposition in his volumes are the homely rhymes of the barn in winter, the hens in winter, then a widening out toward the mysteries again in "Sitting Up Late a Winter Night." (Wouldn't you know he is of New England?) Then the practical "Advice to a Young Farmer" and the good-natured reiteration of man's need occasionally to be alone found in "The Inner Temple."

In his latest volume of verse, *Saltwater Farm*, the divine spark does not appear so often. There are more poems dealing with actual farming and with farm families. Some are sharply etched vignettes of New England characters; some are memorable paintings of New England coasts and islands. Again and again the reader who knows New England is electrified by an awakened recognition and realization.

Yes, both Robert Frost and Robert Tristram Coffin constantly

succeed in giving the eternal fugitive of beauty a home that the humblest may enter. That is the element that points toward a living future for their work, rather than the Pulitzer awards that both have garnered.

That the influence of such poets is evident in verses of the newer rural writers is not to be discounted. The influence may later be found in a stalwart distinctiveness. This younger group is encouraging. Occasionally the brief, disciplined, and penetrative poems of Robert Francis contribute to our farm poetry. Then Daniel Henderson writes contrasting rural poems, as the song of "The Virginia Colonial Planter" to his growing tobacco crop and the lament called "New England Farm"; there is even wider contrast between these country themes and his cry of the rebellious "Coin Watcher at Hudson Tubes." Among other rugged additions that stand on their own if sometimes meager merits are Paul Engle's *American Songs*, and Jesse Stuart's hundreds of ballads in his *The Man with a Bull Tongue Plow* and later writing. The Guggenheim fellowship should increase Stuart's understanding, but it is hoped that it will not weaken his focus. Another Kentucky mountain poet, James Still, draws his themes from the rural mines as well. The cruelty that deprives the miners of the advantages of the country in which they live—fresh air and food, sunlight and freedom of movement—lashes him into verse as surely as the mountain scenery moves him, in his volume *Hounds on the Mountain*. Broad horizons characterize the prairie poems of James Hearst in his *Country Men*, but the heart of the verses are centered on farms and in farm homes.

The identification of some of the best poetry with our daily life, not only in theme and rhythm but in the enjoyment and understanding of it, is a part of the growth of the spirit of social democracy among us. How important a part, it may be difficult to measure. Indications point toward an increase in its influence among the people, for many creative poets are teaching our young men and women daily. Tristram Coffin at Bowdoin, John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt, Jessie Rittenhouse at Rollins, and Robert Hillyer at Harvard are only a few among them.

Then occasionally there is an arrangement that may be even more effective. For after an untrammelled relationship among the more

responsive students at Amherst, not including any set teaching program, Robert Frost has now been called to Harvard to live a similar life. A signal instance, says one commentator, of how the profession of poetry can be made to yield a living for the poet and at the same time pay dividends to education from the rich capital of the poet's mind. His association with teachers and researchers reminds us that literature is a part of the affairs of men. It is perhaps the best way to establish fruitful relationships between scholars, creators, and the young people who are to carry on. Soon after, Archibald MacLeish was installed at Princeton, under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation as Poet in Residence, and shortly before, John Steuart Curry had been appointed as Artist in Residence at the University of Wisconsin. Free to do his creative work, he is also to mingle with the students, particularly those from the farms, to encourage in them a liking and understanding for the arts and, if fortune so wills, to discover and develop latent gifts.

Poetry has been even more particularized in its practical benefits—it has been named an agricultural asset. The versatility of his interests suggests that it was the Secretary of Agriculture himself who wrote that editorial in *Wallace's Farmer*. It estimates the value of the imaginative man in rural life and outlines the practical services of the mystical Irish poet, George W. Russell (better known as *Æ*), to the rural co-operative movement in Ireland, and the contributions of the poetical and theatrical persons Russell enlisted in his rehabilitation of the rural Irish culture. It points out ways in which America, accepting the artists' contributions as chiefly intangible, can yet use their humanity and imagination in schemes for the perceptible enrichment of American farm life. Moreover, as another writer has said when discussing poetic values, the poet and his writing, when acting on receptive minds can bring us an expanded consciousness of reality, an expanded awareness of larger relations, that will enable us as individuals and as a nation to live more humanly.

B · O · O · K · S

MR. PITKIN'S CHALLENGE TO THE LOST GENERATION

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1937. Pp. 282. \$2.00.

Mr. Pitkin addresses this book to the two immense classes of the Lost Generation in America: the one class embracing Americans now under forty who were fairly well established before the depression but who have since lost out, and the other including almost the whole population of those who are still in their twenties and thirties and have thus far struggled in vain for a hold on life. These two great divisions number nearly thirty-five million individuals. If the trained scientists, teachers, administrators, and technologists among them can find themselves in the near future, then America too will find herself. But if the incompetent and unfit among them—all fine raw material for some ambitious Hitler to whip into line—if these get started first, then America, according to this writer, is certainly doomed. What then can the worthy members of the Lost Generation do to help themselves and their country out of its present predicament? To this question Mr. Pitkin offers his book as a possible answer.

"Our leaders," he writes at the outset, "have been torn between the philosophy of scarcity and the philosophy of abundance. They have not yet committed themselves to either, and in this failure lies the greatest menace to the next few years." The way out is to follow the latter philosophy, and to press on to more and richer enjoyments. But in order to do this we must merge the old-fashioned type of pioneering with the ultra-modern technology which is now at our disposal. Each age has its own frontiers, and today's frontier is not so much a place as it is a condition; and it must be conquered by the instruments of technology. Mr. Pitkin warns his readers that he is attempting to peddle no ideal Utopia. On the contrary, his book "champions nothing more than ingenuity, persistence, hard work, and the high resolve to trample under foot the wretched philosophy of scarcity which has been gaining vogue of late."

European civilization ended in 1914. The Old World culture is broken, and Hitler is the blacksmith who is forging a new one. In America, the old culture broke in 1918 after Wilson had betrayed his country into war, and we are still waiting for the youth of the nation to provide something to take its place. Today offers the chance of a life-

time to young America. It is the time to go to war against depression, and Mr. Pitkin has come to the front with intelligent marching orders.

The first command is for group action. There is only one way to get what you want in this country and that is to make Congress vote for it. Almost all of the laws passed during recent sessions of both the House and the Senate have resulted from high-pressure politics. Left alone, the government will never help. So let the youth of the country organize and form a party of their own. They are thirty-five million strong, and included in that number there must certainly be at least twenty-five thousand young men who have sufficient wealth and intelligence to enable them to take charge of the campaign. The first objective will be the votes of not less than seventy-five Congressmen by the end of the next two years. Later they must force the government to open up the great new super-power empires now in project; they must force it to create new communities and renovize existing industries.

The Youth Planners will need a bible, of course, and Mr. Pitkin's own book, "a textbook thinly disguised," should serve the purpose very well. They will also need outside assistance, which can be provided by forward-looking men in the various club organizations throughout the country: the Rotary, Kiwanis, Elks, and many minor national fraternities. But they can readily dispense with the usual drum-beating. Let there be no more parades, warns Mr. Pitkin, for this baby play accomplishes nothing, and public demonstration invariably reveals public incompetence. The Youth Planners should simply tell the government what they want—a job and a home—and then go after it with united action.

They should form city, state, and national units, and once organized should arrange to use the radio as an effective instrument of propaganda. Above all, they should eschew all representatives of the three great political parties now in existence in America. One is as bad as the other. "Most shrewd observers agree," writes Mr. Pitkin, "that the old Republican party has about as fair a chance of coming back in power in 1936 as Al Smith has of heading a new Ku Klux Klan." It has stood always for the worst kind of economic imperialism, and is led by bankers, public utilities, and big business in general. As for the Socialist party, although it is headed by a gentleman of culture, "it was born of theory, suckled on hypothesis, and weaned on doctrine. It remains the lengthening shadow of Karl Marx." And of course the Democratic party is likewise of no value. "It is the world's strangest medley of dreamers, rebels, grouches, anti-Irish British, anti-British Irish, orators, slum captains, southern Colonels, and first families of Virginia." Therefore the Youth Planners should keep out of all existing parties and repel the advances of profes-

sional politicians. When funds are available—and somehow all movements manage to find their financial support—let them set up headquarters in Washington and follow White House affairs. Let them establish in office there some one competent man, and support him with the necessary reporters, interviewers, and secretaries. Let them imitate frankly and openly the methods employed by the most successful of the honest lobbyists in the past. Let them win over interested industrialists, oppose all Building and Loan associations, and force their Congressmen to come out and enact suitable laws for Mass Planning. And, finally, let them go forth into the American wildernesses and preach their gospel.

Mr. Pitkin devotes a large section of his book to a discussion of obsolescence in the country at large. Our factories at present contain obsolescent machinery controlled by obsolescent workmen who have not advanced with the developments of modern technology. Our cities themselves are obsolescent—the vortices of viciousness, filled with racketeers, financed by monstrous taxes, governed by iniquitous laws, and over-run with incompatible races, religions, cults, and obsessions. We are using obsolescent methods in banking, business, and management. There are obsolescent men up every side street and along every country lane. Indeed, our once united land is now divided into three separate countries: there is Economic America, represented by the old standards; Coolie America, represented by the burdensome proletariat; and Criminal America, represented by those who oppose the economic system, and who seek in all walks of life to get something for nothing. Obsolescent morals and obsolescent forms of social justice are directly responsible for all of our ills. And the Lost Generation in whose interests this book has been written will be permanently lost unless it bands together at once and fights against an obsolescent world—a world in which that which should be passing out continues to be used.

It is within the power of the Lost Generation to build a new America within the boundaries of the old, strictly according to the best American traditions. It can build within the next seven or eight years, cheaply, comfortably, and beautifully. A firm belief in progress, of course, is essential, and the tiresome twaddle of men like Spengler must be dismissed without serious rebuttal. Man is not the slave of the machine, but rather the dupe of slick promoters who have wheedled him into letting them run the machine in their own way.

Public or private financing—or some blend of the two—is needed for the necessary technological pioneering. Let the overlords of heavy industries scrap their philosophy of scarcity, adopt the philosophy of abundance, and support experimental communities of enterprising young

Americans out to create homes and careers for themselves. There are plenty of technically trained men in the Lost Generation who can build this new America with their own hands, once the capital has been provided. And there are plenty of beauty spots in the country today which can serve as the geographical bases for these new communities. New America can rise in the neglected quarters of Old America. Along four mighty river valleys—Tennessee, Missouri, Colorado, and Columbia—there is room for the Promised Land, for the finest civilization on earth. Here is potential super-power on a scale hitherto unequalled, and how soon the Lost Generation will be able to move into these great empires depends entirely upon themselves. The Youth Planners must get together and *act*, for only through persistent pressure on Congress will these projects be pushed through. Mr. Pitkin closes his book with a final message to thirty-five million young Americans: "As the government ruined your generation, so must it help restore you. . . . To make the world safe for democracy, your government spent nearly twice as much as you need. Unless it spends for you quickly, it will make America unsafe for democracy."

Is this book simply the stuff of dreams, or is it a vital and substantial working out of a logical and practical plan? Back in the middle of the nineteenth century a German Jew of similar scholarly attainments wrote a book which, because of its highly revolutionary doctrines, and its sweeping generalizations, seemed destined for immediate oblivion. Today it serves as a bible for a great many people. Will Mr. Pitkin's modest work become another *Das Kapital*? Hardly. But at least it should serve as a ringing challenge to the youth of America—the hope and promise of a great nation—to fight for its three inalienable rights, and to understand that so long as it remains lost America as a thriving country can never again be found.

DONALD MACCAMPBELL.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GONCOURT JOURNALS

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS, 1851-1870. Edited and Translated from the *Journal* of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt by Lewis Galantière. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1937. Pp. 372. \$3.50.

Modern French literature offers a number of instances where brothers have collaborated in writing. Since the partnership of "J. H. Rosny" has become "Junior" and "Senior," the best remaining example of such joint product today is probably that of Jean and Jérôme Tharaud.

The exemplary case, however, is that of Edmond and Jules Goncourt, the founders of the Goncourt Academy, writers of naturalistic fiction during the second half of the nineteenth century. Their partnership is a curious example, both because of the complete amalgam of their separate talents, and because the association lasted uninterruptedly over a period of some twenty-one years. It was broken only by the death of Jules, the younger.

The Goncourts were sons of a cavalry officer in the Imperial army. Edmond was born in 1822 at Nancy, Jules in 1830 at Paris. They grew up fast friends despite their unlike temperaments, became interested in art quite early, and expected to be painters. But their attention shifted to writing; they fixed upon the novel, and after several unsuccessful efforts produced the three upon which their general literary reputation is founded: *Soeur Philomène* (1861), *Renée Mauperin* (1864), and *Germinie Lacerteux* (1865). The immediate result of these novels was to bring into sharp focus the question of how far into the pathological and physiological art may descend before it ceases to be art.

At the same time that their novels were marking the turn from realism to naturalism the Goncourts were composing their *Journal*, a splenetic diary in which they recorded unsparingly, if not maliciously, their opinions of their associates. The Goncourts were neurotic, not to the extent of some of the later representatives of the malady, such as Proust, but certainly to the extent of being morbid. They were self-centered, hopelessly pessimistic beings who lived apart from ordinary joys in order to devote themselves to work, and to escape people. They found pleasure in their disease of the nerves; and when they discovered that it had a certain value as stock-in-trade to the outside world, they made a fetish of it. When they did go out it was to frequent a select group composed of such figures as Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Taine, Renan, Saint-Victor, Gavarni, and others. Hence these are the personages who move most frequently through the pages of their diary.

The composition of the *Journal* is quite understandable either as a consolation for their inability to accept the world, or as a means of easing their spleen. But the publication of it is another matter, one which passes the comprehension of many people. Henry James, for example, compares it to boasting that one is subject to epileptic fits. But whatever be one's personal opinion as to the propriety of issuing the diary, it is incontestably a poignant piece of human history. Only part of it has been released, the assumption being that the material of more scandalous interest has been withheld. The French edition has nine volumes, with

entries from 1851 to 1896. It is a selection from the published material that Mr. Galantière presents in English.

Two questions are uppermost with a book of this nature: How well have the selections been made? How satisfactory is the translation?

The main effect of the *Journal* over the period chosen is the presentation of three portraits: first, that of Sainte-Beuve; next, that of Gautier, and of Flaubert. Mr. Galantière has chosen his passages in such a manner as to give to the English reader much of the intensity and roundness which the Goncourts communicated to these sketches. A second feature of the *Journal* is the evocation of a milieu. The brothers present the picture of a small coterie whose horizon remained always narrow, whose meetings presented always the same scene of physical and intellectual states, always the same bickerings, animosities, and eccentricities. A third feature of the work is that it conveys definitely the personality of the diarists; one sees them through their utter lack of positive sympathies, their extraordinary quantity of animadversion, annoyance, and hatred. Mr. Galantière's selections preserve remarkably well these features.

The translation, too, has attempted consciously to preserve the flavor of the original. Its success on that score is highly commendable. The Goncourts were exponents of the unusual word; hence many of their terms would seem beyond translation. Mr. Galantière deserves praise by his rendering of such expressions as "a *paintress* in water color"; "the *ocular rhythm* of a sentence"; "the *fizzing* of a novel"; "a *vertical style*"; "the *hystericism* of Michelet's books"; "the *flabbergasting facts*"; "the thought *melancholifies* me"; etc.

The book has a Biographical Repertory of eighty-one pages, which is neither matter-of-fact nor critical. It is anecdotal, and while necessarily valuable as a reference for the general reader, its chief function seems to be to allow Mr. Galantière to ramble, and to display his jocularly. The procedure is not without interest, but one may question its value, even its appropriateness. If this appendix were matter-of-fact it would occupy less space; one would lose the color imparted by Mr. Galantière's opinions, but the gain would be space for more selections from the *Journal*. In view of the purpose of the book, that should have been the procedure.

Aside from this one restriction, which in no manner detracts from the material drawn from the *Journal*, one may congratulate both the publishers and Mr. Galantière. The introduction of the diary to the general reading public is a worthy project. The editor's selections though necessarily arbitrary have been judicious; his translations, as indicated, have preserved the spirit of the *Journal*, yet remain textually satisfactory. In sum, the book is to be recommended.

I. W. BROCK.

SCIENCE AND THE OLD SOUTH

SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS IN THE OLD SOUTH. By Thomas Cary Johnson, Jr. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1936. Pp. vii, 214. \$2.50.

Professor Johnson has successfully defended the thesis that there was in the Old South a genuine and widespread interest in the natural sciences. With this sentence this review might end, for it is not necessary to remark that such a statement has much significance for students of Southern history and, furthermore, that it has not been previously defended. In fact, some scholars have published contrary generalizations.

By way of proving his thesis Professor Johnson has enumerated the writings and activities, in the fields of geology, astronomy, botany, zoology, and chemistry, of many Southerners ranging from such distinguished scientists as Matthew Fontaine Maury down to those who pretended to nothing more than a mild curiosity about the more popular developments in the sciences. Although a number of these men were planters, more of them were residents of such towns as Charleston, New Orleans, Baltimore, Nashville, Natchez, St. Louis, Louisville, and Lexington, Kentucky, where interest in science was frequently keen enough to cause the organization of societies, the founding of museums, or the holding of public lectures.

Additional evidence of the popularity of the sciences was found in the courses of study offered in Southern colleges and schools. Student enrollment in the various courses at the University of Virginia even affords some ground for maintaining that the sciences were more popular than the classics. However, this comparison, so far as the entire South is concerned, cannot be made with accuracy until more information is brought to light, especially in regard to Southern interest in the classics. Indeed, it is surprising how many unanswered questions come to mind as one reads this book. How, for example, did Southern interest in science compare with that in the North and abroad? What caused the South to be interested in the sciences; by what means did it spread from place to place; why was it more active in some parts of the South than in others? What original contributions to scientific knowledge came out of the South? Did interest in science diminish as the mind of the South became increasingly occupied with defending slavery? What was the relationship between scientific interest and various activities such as the movement toward agricultural reform?

Although the present book throws some light on some of these problems, this general field of study is far from being exhausted. But let it be emphasized that Professor Johnson did not propose to exhaust it. All that he set out to do he has done; and it may be added that he presented his material with good judgment and with good style.

CHARLES S. SYDNOR.

A SURVEY OF THE C.I.O.

C.I.O. INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN ACTION. By J. Raymond Walsh. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1937. Pp. 293. \$2.50.

What is the Committee for Industrial Organization? How account for its phenomenal rise? What is its future, economically and politically? These are questions heard on all sides today. In his book Dr. Walsh offers answers—answers which, while founded upon a study of the facts, are nonetheless flavored with the author's liberalism.

His book is at once informative and provocative. In the compass of ten chapters he surveys the background of the C.I.O., details with particular reference to the steel and automobile industries its rapid growth, examines its economic and political significance, and finally, offers several illuminative observations as to the problems it is coming to face.

As to the background, Dr. Walsh hurriedly surveys the history of the labor movement since 1870. He recounts the earlier and abortive efforts of others to build a union movement on an industrial basis. Where these efforts came to naught, those of the American Federation of Labor under the guidance of Samuel Gompers were successful. But, as the author observes, the success was had by a policy of more or less indifference to the plight of the unskilled workers, whose number was meanwhile increasing. By 1934 there had arisen in the ranks of the A.F.O.L. a group of dissenters who reasoned that if unionism was to progress, future organization must be upon an industrial basis. This group, led by John L. Lewis of the Miners, was anxious that labor fully avail itself of Section 7-A of the N.I.R.A., which seemingly guaranteed the right to organize and bargain collectively. Unable to enlist the support of the Federation, John L. Lewis and his cohorts set up their own organization.

Beginning with a nucleus of eight international unions, the C.I.O. has grown such that it now includes thirty-two internationals. In Chapters III and IV, Dr. Walsh delineates the progress made in the steel and auto industries. He ascribes the loss of the Little Steel strike to faulty selection of organizers and to "widespread overconfidence." In Chapter V, the author reviews the C.I.O. activities in the cement, textile, transport, and other industries. Following this, he devotes a chapter each to C.I.O. tactics and to retaliatory methods of employers. In particular, he writes at length on the sit-down tactic, observing that it will eventually be held legal.

Having examined the C.I.O. in its practical developments, Dr. Walsh gives an appraisal of its economic and political significance. Whether examined from a short- or long-run point of view unionism is an eco-

nomically sound development, he avers. With reason he observes, too, that less repressive measures on the part of employers will result in a more efficient labor force. Moreover, a strong union movement will reduce the excesses of cyclical swings in industry; for by forcing up wages during recovery, profit inflation is curbed and so, too, speculation. In a recession, prevention of wage reductions helps sustain purchasing power, thus supporting production and employment. These conclusions by Dr. Walsh are not unique; nor for that matter are they free of theoretical unsoundness. The careful reader will find it necessary to add more qualifications to Dr. Walsh's conclusions than he himself advances in his text.

As to the political significance of the C.I.O., Dr. Walsh observes that Lewis and his followers will increasingly rely upon political action. For his part, the author seems convinced that we have "entered upon a revolutionary period." Labor must prepare itself for the struggle—"The Coming Struggle for Power." Dr. Walsh's picture of the future is woe-ful indeed.

In the final chapter he examines some problems which face the C.I.O. leadership. Of these the conflict with the A.F.O.L. is by far the most important. It must be settled. It is Dr. Walsh's opinion that if the A.F.O.L. does not lead the way, the C.I.O. must.

While Dr. Walsh has given a readable account of the C.I.O., his work is defective in several respects. The relation of the organized labor movement to war and post-war economic developments, for example, is not clearly set forth; accordingly, the fact that union organizational problems are in truth functional problems varying with changes in the socioeconomic environment is not duly stressed. Again, it seems to the reviewer that the cleavage between the A.F.O.L. and the C.I.O. is too summarily disposed of. These defects apart, however, the book is a welcomed addition to an all too scanty literature on an important subject.

HAROLD HUTCHESON.

ENGLISH DRAMA IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

PLAYS ABOUT THE THEATRE IN ENGLAND FROM THE REHEARSAL IN
1671 TO THE LICENSING ACT IN 1737. By Dane F. Smith. New
York: Oxford University Press, 1936. Pp. xxii, 287. \$4.00.

CAVALIER DRAMA. By Alfred Harbage. New York: Modern Language
Association of America, 1936. Pp. 302. \$2.50.

Though *The Rehearsal* has often been accorded critical attention, we have not had a thorough study of those many plays, both in the Restora-

tion and in the eighteenth century, which served the same satiric purposes. That lack is now supplied by Mr. Smith's book. Beginning with D'Avenant's *The Playhouse to be Let*, the author traces plays and bits of plays that, until the Licensing Act of 1737, appeared to pillory the theater, plays, and individuals.

Because many of the plays must be considered, even by the specialist, museum pieces, it is difficult in a study of this kind to interest the non-specialist. One of the defects of the book, I think, is the failure to gauge the prospective reader. In what seems to be an attempt to interest the casual reader, the author is betrayed into many obvious statements, such as "Fleet Prison [was] the debtor's hostelry where Wycherley, the dramatist, was once confined" (p. 173). The specialist tends to become weary of the many footnotes and references which serve for documentation.

Mr. Smith has aimed at completeness, and in many ways he achieves it. But there are numerous omissions. In treating *The Reformation* (1673), for example, he nowhere mentions that the Tutor is ordinarily taken to represent Dryden. In quoting the prologue of *The Fool Turn'd Critick* (1676), he fails to mention that it had appeared in 1672 in the *Covent Garden Drollery*. One might question his suggestion of Shakespeare's "influence" in Gay's *What D'Ye Call It* (p. 99). It is to be hoped that in his future work on the burlesque in drama before 1642 Mr. Smith will aim not so much at completeness as at clarification. For in such a study are many questions, for which answers must be attempted: What conditions gave rise to this outpouring of satire and burlesque? Were the authors of such works really trying to reform the theater? And what did *The Rehearsal* and similar plays accomplish? It is hardly enough merely to say that "the dramatist had lost respect for his art" (p. 242).

The volume is beautifully made, not the least of its charm being the series of Hogarth illustrations, and the reproductions of theatrical prints from the Harvard collection.

A more important book is Professor Harbage's study of the Cavalier drama. The proper understanding of later seventeenth-century drama and its origins has always been hampered by the lack of a first-hand account of the little known but historically important drama written between 1630 and 1660.

The author wisely divides his work into two parts: *Trends*, in which he treats the broad aspects of the drama and the background, and their relationship to the later drama of the Restoration; and *Survey*, in which he discusses in detail the output of individual playwrights and various kinds of plays. Although this second part consumes more space and is of value

as the best survey of the much neglected period under review, the chapters in the first part are much more significant in the history of English drama. Indeed, Professor Harbage's expressed purpose is "to discuss the trends in English drama during the Caroline and Commonwealth periods, and the first few years of the Restoration, with a view to illustrating the continuity of an English literary tradition."

That the author succeeds in demonstrating this continuity is obvious to the unbiased reader. His approach, unlike that of others who have believed that the Restoration drama was indebted chiefly to English example, has been to shift emphasis to the Cavalier drama, as a forerunner, rather than to Beaumont and Fletcher. For, as he makes abundantly clear, it was in the Cavalier drama that we find the seeds of both the Etheregean comedy and the Heroic play of the Restoration. In short, he has given the adequate answer to those students of the Restoration who, without bothering to read earlier English drama, have for years made out case after case for French "origin" and "influence," based upon a few surface and wholly inadequate marks of similarity. As he remarks in his summary to the chapter on the Heroic play: "Cavalier plays . . . are essentially a home-grown product. Were Cavalier plays more widely read, and had there been no court exile in France to distract the attention of students, it would never have been suggested otherwise."

CHARLES E. WARD.

RURAL GOVERNMENT AND ITS PROBLEMS

GOVERNMENT IN RURAL AMERICA. By Lane W. Lancaster. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company, 1937. Pp. 416. \$2.85.

This volume is intended to present a description of the government and administration of the rural county, township, and school district, in a form readily usable by the college student as well as by the busy layman. Professor Lancaster has carried out this intention with distinction, and has thus made a contribution to the existing literature of political science for academicians, practicing experts, and the general body politic alike. He has not duplicated the existing standard textbook on the subject (Fairlie's and Kneier's), because *Government in Rural America* is, rather than an ordinary textbook, something of an essay in political economy, using as its basic material the various mass of fragments, special studies, and general works which constitutes the bibliography of rural local government and rural society.

While governmental mechanisms are described in satisfactory general terms, Professor Lancaster's significant interest is in discussing the human,

economic, and sociological setting in which these mechanisms operate, and in analyzing a problem. This problem, as he sees it, is that posed by the inadequacy of traditional governmental institutions, created to meet the needs of an earlier and simpler agrarian society, to fulfil present-day demands. Both the *apologia* for and the pervading tone of the work may be summarized in the following statement: "A study of rural government as such finds its strongest justification in the maladjustments which appear when political institutions do not correspond with social changes" (p. 14).

Although the author generally eschews putting forward a general platform of specific reforms, much he says is suggestive of desirable forms which a more adequate organization of rural local government might take; and his whole essay may, in one sense, be viewed as an appraisal of the complexus of factors which must be understood before needed readjustments can be intelligently conceived. The basic question of whether local democratic processes will substantially survive is sharply raised, but not definitively answered. Professor Lancaster's general view seems to be that while the trend toward greater centralization is inexorable, the essence of local self-government can be preserved without undue sacrifice to efficiency, sufficient standards or demanded services, in either or both of two ways: (1) through administrative organization on a co-operative state-local basis; (2) through "the elaboration of close organizations of business and professional groups alongside the formal organs of local government."

Minor flaws can be picked out, such as the amusing inconsistency of terming Wisconsin at one point an urban state, and at another a rural state, or the complete insufficiency of legal citation for the proposition that legislative powers of a local nature can be constitutionally delegated to counties (p. 91). More space might profitably have been devoted to land economics, including land planning, and to the governmental difficulties presented by the chaotic profusion of improvement districts of all sorts (such as drainage districts). Such peccadillos, however, do not detract from the general worth of the endeavor—the making available of a readable, sympathetic, and penetrating description of the function and problems of government in rural areas, an important segment of political science deserving of more systematic attention than has been hitherto bestowed upon it.

HERMAN WALKER, JR.

A DESCENDANT OF RICHARD LOVELACE SINGS

EVERY YEAR AN APRIL. By Carrie Fall Benson. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press, 1937. Pp. 109. \$1.50.

A lineal descendant of Richard Lovelace of England, Carrie Fall Benson of Georgia comes easily enough by her gift of song. *Every Year an April* deserves wider recognition than it has yet received. This volume of lyrics contains too much beauty to be scattered scantily; its fragrance should be diffused northward as well as in its native Southland.

The best poems pierce the consciousness like horns blown from blue uplands; we listen and listen again, and are loath to lose the echoes. This is because the uplands are ourselves at our heights of sensitivity; we are made finer by these delicate responses. Not too delicate, however; there is excellent groundwork in these poems. One never gets lost in the ether, but it is a relief also never to get stuck in the sod.

Most of the poems may be classified within four groups: the personal lyrics, and those drawing for their themes on nature, mythology and legend, and history. Among the personal motifs are love, sorrow, and the sting and consolation of beauty. Such poems as "Tea at Twilight," "Unreturning," and "Surrender" are almost unforgettable. The outdoor lyrics have a captivating freshness, while most of the other poems have nature-notes interwoven. Miss Benson is rarely at a loss for the right word. She does not struggle in the flood of rhetoric and come up sputtering a wheezy jargon; at her best, the clear directness of speech is transmuted into almost flawless song. Her mocking-bird, in "Lyricist," would have delighted Hayne and Lanier, while the bird in her title-poem belongs with the immortals as it "Rocks in shrill triumph on the swinging bough." Not only the months of greening appear in her verse; autumn's "winy winds" and "whistling grass," and winter's "glittering, muted ways" give the needed tang to beauty. Variety of scene is offered, too: mountain, field, wood, and seashore all receive due attention. "Seaside Visit" and "Vacation's End" are among the most satisfying little poems I know about the ocean.

The poems dealing with historical figures are probably the least enduring in the collection, yet these also have the appropriateness of rhythmic pattern and the adequacy of phrase that reveal the sincere artist. The poems on mythological and legendary subjects are a small but distinguished group. "Pageantry" has an enviable richness of music and imagery, and "Endymion" an unearthly loveliness setting it apart from all other poems in the book except the unclassified "Changeling." A study

of Miss Benson's workmanship shows a felicitous handling not only of rime and meter, but of widely varied stanzaic forms.

A number of the poems not falling within my fourfold classification are the trio on the Nativity, including the strangely moving "Vigil," and several tiny elegies. The best of these is "Sara Teasdale," but nothing more notably exemplifies Miss Benson's gift for effective endings than the last lines about Cornelia Brownlee. An odd little lyric of semi-elegiac calibre is "Under the Pavement," in which the poet grieves for the "martyred dust," which never again will "feel the sharp roots thrusting" under the pavements' "smooth, insensate crust."

An appreciative reader of *Every Year an April* must feel that he has met someone worth knowing, one who has suffered but not lost faith in life, one who voices in her songs the multifold moods of a gallant and generous soul. Among the poets of today we hear so much yelping about the dark side of the moon and so much purring about green cheese that even sane human speech in meters is a choice article, and when that metrical sane speech is infused with beauty we have the kind of poetry that helps keep a people from perishing.

HELEN HARRIET SALLS.

